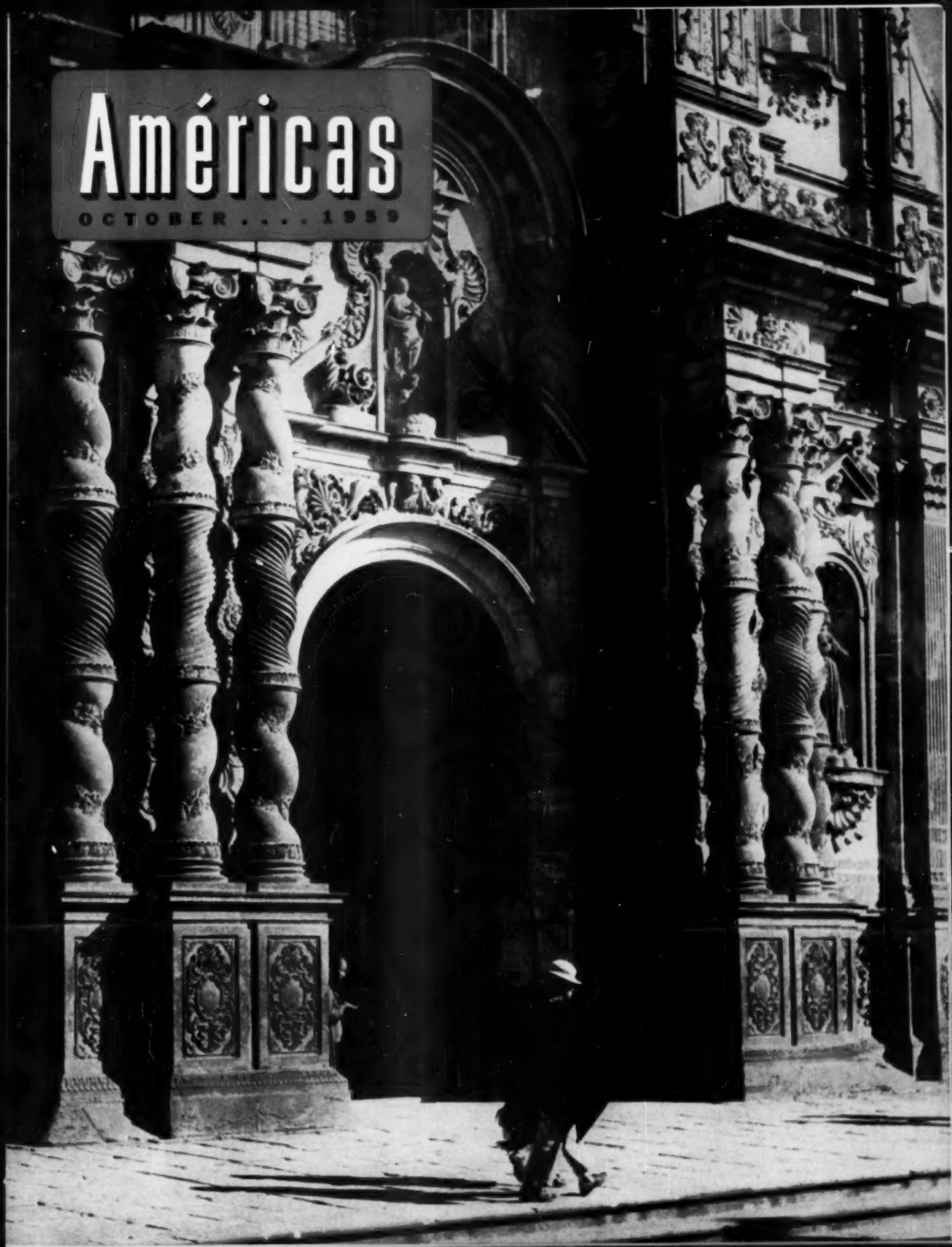


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Cover

The old Quito, Ecuador. For the new, see page 9. Eleventh Inter-American Conference will be held there next year.

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

When "An Economist Meets Latin America" and casts caution to the wind in bringing up controversial issues, something lively is sure to result—especially when the economist is W. S. Woytinsky (see page 3). Mr. Woytinsky is a man of many parts who for almost half a century has been writing books and articles on economics, politics, and statistics. They have been published in his native Russia, Germany, France, Italy, and his adopted land, the United States—and translated into more than a dozen languages.

Quite different from Mr. Woytinsky's tour was the one made in the mid-nineteenth century by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the celebrated U.S. concert pianist who tiptoed around no issues and to many was a controversy in himself. Pianist and lecturer Jeanne Behrend has also "taken the difficult road of making known the music of the Americas," as the Uruguayan musicologist Francisco Curt Lange put it, and has given concerts all over North and South America. Though the similarity between the two artists ends with their travels, Miss Behrend knows of what she speaks when she describes "The Peripatetic Gottschalk" (on page 20).

A place that is definitely off the path beaten by economists and musicians (or almost anyone else, for that matter) is Ushuaia, Argentina. But leave it to a newspaperman to find a way. Hugo Rocha of Uruguay, who directs the Sunday supplement of the Montevideo daily *El Día*, was there last year, on a special press tour of Antarctica aboard the Argentine Navy transport *Bahía Aguirre*. His impressions of this unusual "frontier town" begin on page 16.

In another city, it was announced some time ago that a full-fledged international conference was to be held there. Naturally, officials and residents alike took a quick look around and wondered, Where will we put them? When the delegates and secretariat of the Eleventh Inter-American Conference arrive in Quito early next year, they will find the answer in many new and remodeled buildings. Just how they differ from the run-of-the-mill structures that are raised to meet an emergency is told in an article (on page 9) by Lilo Linke, a German-born Ecuadorian who has been an *AMÉRICAS* contributor since 1953.

And for something else a bit out of the ordinary—in *AMÉRICAS*, at least—a Peruvian husband and wife collaborated on this month's short story, "A Summer Day" (on page 26). Blanca Varela, who has worked on several Lima newspapers and magazines, wrote it; Fernando de Szyszlo, whose works are in leading museums throughout the Hemisphere, illustrated it.

This issue of *AMÉRICAS* marks a beginning: from now on the Spanish edition will be translated and printed in Buenos Aires. The move also involves a farewell—to Associate Editor Adolfo Solórzano Díaz, who has been with the magazine since the very first issue. His last contribution as a regular staff member appears on page 32.

THE OAS

IN ACTION

The Foreign Ministers' Meeting

The Fifth Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the twenty-one OAS member states was held in Santiago, Chile, from August 12 to 18, to study the international tension in the Caribbean area and the problems involved in achieving the effective exercise of representative democracy and insuring respect for human rights.

After an early exchange of accusations by the Cuban and Dominican delegations, and while reports of new intrigue and armed clashes in parts of the Caribbean continued to be heard, the Foreign Ministers reached agreement on a number of points. In the Declaration of Santiago, they made a restatement of the democratic principles of the Inter-American system. They called on the Inter-American Peace Committee to go into the details of the problems, at the same time giving it new powers. They also ordered the preparation of several documents: a list of actions that would constitute violations of the principle of non-intervention; a Convention on Human Rights; and a draft convention on the effective exercise of representative democracy.

DECLARATION OF SANTIAGO

The "Declaration of Santiago" listed some of the basic principles of the democratic system in the Hemisphere "so as to permit national and international public opinion to gauge the degree to which political regimes and governments conform to that system, thus helping to eradicate forms of dictatorship, despotism, or tyranny, without weakening respect for the right of the peoples freely to choose their own form of government."

The items stated may be summed up as follows: (1) The rule of law should be assured by the separation of powers. (2) The government of the American republics should be derived from free elections. (3) Perpetuation in power is incompatible with the effective exercise of democracy. (4) The governments should insure freedom for the individual and social justice based on respect for fundamental human rights. (5) The human rights incorporated into their laws should be protected by effective judicial procedures. (6) The systematic

use of political proscription is contrary to democratic order. (7) Freedom of information and expression—including freedom of the press, radio, and television—are essential to a democratic regime. (8) The American states should cooperate to strengthen and develop their economic structure and achieve just and humane living conditions.

THE PEACE COMMITTEE

Three topics were specifically assigned to the Inter-American Peace Committee: methods and procedures for preventing any activities designed to overthrow established governments or to provoke acts of intervention or aggression; the relationship between violations of human rights or the nonexercise of representative democracy, on the one hand, and the political tensions that affect Hemisphere peace, on the other; and the relationship between economic underdevelopment and political stability. In studying these questions, the Committee may act either at the request of governments or on its own initiative, although the governments' consent would be needed for on-the-spot investigations.

This represents a temporary broadening of the Committee's authority; it will remain in effect until the Eleventh Inter-American Conference, to which the Committee must report. Under its original statute, the five-member Peace Committee, which began its activities in 1948, could take action at the request of any American state—whether or not it was a directly interested party—and the consent of the parties was not required. But the new statute, in force since May 1956, provides that only a state directly concerned in a dispute can request action by the Committee, and the consent of all the parties is required. Since this change was made, the Committee had not been called upon to deal with any disputes or problems that arose, though it had worked successfully in earlier years to resolve tense situations in the Caribbean and Central America. The new interim rules should restore its ability to act constructively in these difficult matters. At present the members of the Committee are the United States (chairman for this year), El Salvador, Mexico, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Besides asking the Inter-American Council of Jurists—which was to meet, also in Santiago, beginning on August 24—to prepare drafts of the Convention on Human Rights and of another on the creation of an Inter-American Court for the Protection of Human Rights, the Meeting of Consultation voted to create an Inter-American Commission on Human Rights. This will be a watchdog committee, composed of seven members elected as individuals rather than by country.



AN
ECONOMIST

MEETS

LATIN
AMERICA

W. S. WOYTINSKY

I MET Latin America during an eight-month lecture and study tour. Under the auspices of the U.S. State Department exchange program, my wife and I visited Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, Mexico, Guatemala, and El Salvador. We had never been there before, but by going about our business much as we had in other countries all over the world we came away with what I think are many valid impressions.

First, we talked, and talked frankly—not only publicly in lectures, round-table discussions, radio and TV appearances, and press conferences (176 in all) but privately. We held long conversations with leading economists, professors, journalists, government officials, businessmen, and labor leaders in each country. Some of our friends had advised caution in mentioning controversial issues, but we disregarded these warnings. The results justified us. Because we made no attempt to evade “hot” topics ourselves and because we obviously, despite official sponsorship, had no official axe to grind, we were accorded similar frankness and tolerance by our hosts. In this cordial give-and-take, we learned to understand their ways of thinking and feeling as well as their specific problems.

Then, we observed. We said to our new Latin American friends, “Show us the best—and the worst.” And they did: the greatest institutions of higher learning and the poorest rural schools, the most modern factories and the most primitive workshops, the finest housing projects and

the meanest slums. With International Cooperation Administration staff members, we toured remote rural areas.

Much of what we said, much of what we asked to see, surprised our Latin American colleagues. For example, we were forever stressing, both in our lectures and in private talks, the importance of education—not for the elite alone but for every person in every city and village. A typical objection was: “Yes, but what has this to do with us? You sound like educators, not economists.” Always we pointed out that economics is a *human* science. Man is the beginning and the end of a nation’s economy; it changes when he changes. There are those who think that the speed with which the Latin American countries transform themselves—improve living conditions, make better use of their resources, and consolidate their economic independence—depends on the amount of capital available for investment in new industries. We, on the other hand, are convinced that the key to progress in Latin America, as elsewhere, lies in the people—in their attitudes toward one another and toward the community, in their will power, endurance, ambition, and ability to work together. How could we fail to be interested in illiteracy, rural schools, and adult classes?

To go one step further, nothing an economist can find out about a country is really irrelevant to him professionally. I remember driving from one engagement to another along a country road that ran through an Andean valley. The level floor stretched away from the road for

a bit, then the cordillera began to rise steeply. Much might be said for the grandeur of the scene, but what particularly struck me, looking at it with an economist's eye, was that the mountainsides were carved into precarious little farms, whereas the fertile flatlands served for nothing but pasture because the big estate owners preferred cattle to crops. I did not need to study a Ministry of Agriculture report to know something about improper land use in that area.

We went to fifteen countries and territories, and naturally no one conclusion would apply equally to all of them. But for the area as a whole we can say this: there is no stagnation here. At present it stands between two socio-economic systems, one inherited from the colonial era and the other associated with modern science and technology; but it is emerging rejuvenated from the turmoil of conflicting forces. This is what unites the vignettes that follow, different as they are. They represent the vitality and variety that so impressed us about Latin America.

RESHAPING A VALLEY

We were in Cali, capital of the Colombian province of Valle. The city is growing rapidly; it has half a million inhabitants, twice what it had at the end of World War II, and cannot accommodate all the newcomers. The crowds on its narrow streets convey an impression of dynamism unusual under the tropical sun.

The headquarters of the Cauca Valley Corporation, an autonomous government agency, made us forget we were hundreds of miles from Bogotá and thousands from New York. Full of light, modern to every detail of furniture, with maps and cross-sectional drawings on the walls, it looked like a place of big plans and no braggadocio. The

Fertile but undeveloped valley is being transformed by integrated project similar to TVA



Bustling Cali, a major Colombian commercial and industrial center, is Cauca Valley metropolis

executive director, Dr. Bernardo Garcés Córdoba, well-groomed, youthful, bristling with energy but with the manners of a man of the world, explained the goal of his organization to us. The CVC was established in 1955 as "a first step toward the systematic development of Colombia's natural and human resources by means of decentralized regional agencies and to provide a demonstration and training center for this kind of development." Its immediate concern is an area of about fifteen thousand square miles, with a population of two million.

This is an old dream. Ever since World War I, foresighted local businessmen had thought about the possibility of reviving the region through utilizing its water resources. The success of TVA in the United States gave them a model—an integrated plan for hydroelectric power, irrigation, drainage, and reclamation of land for agriculture, based on a network of multipurpose dams—and several years ago one of them persuaded the President to invite David E. Lilienthal to Cali to study the problem. In his report, which was promptly approved by the Government, Mr. Lilienthal found conditions along the Cauca River and its tributaries very favorable for such a system.

On a huge wall map, Dr. Garcés pointed out the sites of future dams, reservoirs, hydroelectric stations, and transmission centers. The target is some 100,000 kilowatts in three years and 600,000 by 1970, mainly water power but with additional thermal stations.

I raised the question of cost. "We need about a hundred

million dollars for the dams and power stations, and twenty million more for transmission," he replied. "But financial support is necessary only for building the first two or three stations. We are hoping to get funds from our government, or from the Export-Import Bank or the World Bank. Then we will shift to self-financing, through reinvestment of our profits and local taxation."

The conversation turned to the CVC's reclamation program. Each step of the ambitious scheme was well thought through. Again I mentioned cost. Dr. Garcés had a ready answer: "Through 1985 we shall spend eleven million dollars a year for reclamation and related services, including interest and amortization on borrowed capital. But the annual agricultural output of the area will rise from sixty million to a hundred and forty or fifty. Enough margin for fair and not too burdensome taxation."

"Will people pay the new taxes?"

"All the local businessmen, civic leaders, labor unions, and newspapers support us. The man in the street believes the 'Lilienthal Plan' will change his life and his children's. He will pay."

Dr. Garcés added, smiling: "No, not everybody is with us. The big landowners who use the best land of the valley as pasture or keep it idle for speculation have denounced us in a memorandum to the Government. The cows don't need electric light, they argue."

After meeting Dr. Garcés and his assistants, I could not regard the transformation of the valley as a visionary project. The men carrying it out are of the same breed as those who built up all the economically advanced countries. They represent the force that moves mountains.

BACK TO HIS VILLAGE

Otavalo is an Indian town in northern Ecuador, hidden in the folds of the Andes. Each Sunday the people from the valley converge on it with bundles of wool, blankets, shawls, primitive pottery, and other goods.

We had gone there to see the handicraft school established by the International Cooperation Administration. The market took us into another world, full of charm and dignity despite the poverty of the people. The school, a few blocks from the market place, occupies a small compound of neat, functional one-story buildings that seemed to say: "Here we are, and we do not pretend to fit into the local picture."

The head of the school was a small man in his late forties, with gentle eyes and manners. He took us first to a laboratory well equipped for preparing and testing colors. "We have samples of commercial colors here, but people would not use them. So we show them how to make vegetable and mineral dyes that are just as good from

local materials," he explained. Next came the carpentry shop: "Here we teach our students how to repair or adjust their looms or build new ones." A place for washing wool, a spinning department. Finally the director led us to the weaving class, a large room with various types of looms—some very simple for narrow single-color fabric, others of a fairly complex design for weaving multicolor carpets.

Some twenty Indian boys and girls were working at the looms. A few youngsters were busy preparing wool. As we moved along the looms, the director had a kind word for each student. Apparently he was not only the school's director but also its only instructor. Its aim, he explained, was to improve the art of weaving so that local fabrics could be sold at a good price in Quito; this would give the villagers a profitable trade, particularly during the off season in farming. The school had between twenty and twenty-five students, most of them from fourteen to sixteen years old at the time they enrolled and with two years of elementary school. Some bright boys were admitted younger, with no previous schooling. The course, which lasts from eighteen to twenty-four months, is free; actually, the students receive modest pay out of the sale of the fabrics they make. "Our graduates are good craftsmen," the director said, "and can teach their neighbors."

We could not guess the director's background. Obviously, he knew his job, liked his pupils, and handled them well. I asked him: "How did you happen to come here? Where did you learn the local dialect?"

"I was born here," he answered with a smile. "This is my mother tongue. All my relatives live around here, in the mountains."

He had had the good luck to finish elementary school



The old looms and . . .



... the new in Otavalo, Ecuadorian hand-weaving center

and be accepted by the local high school. Then he worked his way through college, graduating in chemistry. The urge to learn more took him to the United States, where he became a textile engineer and later the director of a textile mill.

"Suddenly I got a letter from Washington asking whether I was interested in becoming an instructor at a handicraft school in Ecuador—in my home town, of all places! This seemed like a miracle. I resigned from my job and came back to teach all I knew about colors and textiles."

He added with a gentle smile: "Isn't this wonderful? Each year a dozen competent students will graduate from the school, others will learn from them, and a new cottage industry based on old Indian traditions will emerge. Cooperatives will be established. People will live better. And I have been asked to help."

A STUDENT OF ECONOMICS

The audience, economics students at the National University of Colombia, was particularly responsive. They asked us to elaborate on various points touched upon in the lecture. An animated discussion developed, and continued afterward in the hall.

One of the students pressed into my hand a sheet of paper with a dozen questions. He had missed getting the floor because he was listening to my answers to other students and writing down his own questions at the same time. He looked different from the rest—husky, tense. He explained that he was preparing a paper for the students' monthly magazine and asked permission to come and talk with us some time. We suggested the next afternoon.

He arrived with a copy of the magazine, *Pensamiento Económico*, twelve large, carefully printed pages. We were surprised by the selection and standard of the articles. Our guest was one of the editors and the author of an essay titled "Reflexiones de una Generación." What he wanted from us was a systematic presentation of our views on problems facing his country's young generation.

We answered all his questions, and he took notes, delighted to hear us sharing his conviction that the way to economic and social progress was open to all countries and that their future depends on the people's good will and intelligence.

My wife said to him: "Tell us something about yourself and your family."

"My father is an ordinary workingman," he replied. "He earns twenty-eight pesos [five dollars] a week. My mother is dead. There are six of us children. It's hard for father to support us."

"How did you manage to get to the university?"

"I worked while I was in elementary school, helping my father. The same through high school. I lost several years but then enrolled in the university. I study during the day and work in the evening, collecting rents for a real-estate firm."

"What about your brothers and sisters? Do they go to school?"

"Not all. Father and I can carry only two of them."

"Why did you choose the Faculty of Economics?"

The boy seemed embarrassed. "You see, a poor boy who succeeds in going to the university usually takes medicine or law. These are good professions—high fees, a fine apartment, a Cadillac. But I thought of people like us. I know how they live, with nobody caring for them, neither the politicians nor the newspapers. They need help, they must learn why they are poor and how to get better conditions. So I decided to study economics not just for myself but for my people."

"Are there many students from workers' families in your university?"

"A few. They have a hard time. You know, when you come to class without breakfast, it's difficult to concentrate on what the professor is saying. You can't help thinking about food."

His name was Miliades Mangarres C. I believe we may hear of him again.

TOWARD NATIONAL UNITY

Our friend Luis Alberto Sánchez, the Peruvian historian, suggested that we should meet the head of the Aprista movement, Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, whom he described as a great leader and champion of national

unity. We were most interested, knowing that Haya was a controversial personality, adored by his followers and hated by his adversaries, and also that after his return from exile he had supported the Government and sought reconciliation between radical and moderate elements.

Haya was late for our appointment at labor-union headquarters, having suddenly been called to a conference with the President. He entered the room briskly, apologized, and said he did not have much time but would be glad to answer our questions.

Haya is not very tall, but he is broad-shouldered, with a barrel chest, long arms, and huge hands. His voice booms. His deeply tanned face has a high wrinkled forehead, an aquiline nose, and sharp, penetrating eyes.

I asked: "What do you consider Peru's main problems?"

He answered without hesitation: "The Indian question, agriculture, education."

"In that order?"



Peruvian Indians are being brought into national culture after centuries of oblivion

"Yes. These are three aspects of the same problem of reviving our country, and they come in this order."

"I'm happy to hear you say that," I commented.

He looked surprised. Then he realized that these were not just polite words, but an expression of our sympathy for his ideas or his country or both. He sank deeper into the armchair at the head of the conference table, stretched out his huge hands before him, and, forgetting all other business, began to talk. More precisely, he began a speech. And what a speech! With us as his only listeners, he spoke as if there was a crowd before him, in an irresistible torrent of eloquence. His enormous hands waved in the air like a condor's wings.

"The Indians! Neglected, abandoned, exploited. The Incas, the only people in the world who were able to conquer the Andes, establish agriculture above the clouds!



Improved rural-school system will give this child, unlike most of her ancestors, access to modern education

What courage in this people, what a contribution to agriculture! I have seen Indian boys walking five miles over the mountains to school. They started at five in the morning and returned late in the evening. Some people will tell you that the Indians do not let their children go to school. Nobody in the world is more anxious to have his children learn to read and write than the Indians are. They remember that their forefathers lost their land and freedom because the white men compelled them to press their thumbs on a paper they could not read. They believe that there is some magic in writing and that the white man bars them from access to this magic. Yes, the Indians are suspicious of the white man. But what has the white man done to gain their confidence? Some say the Indians are lethargic. Yes, because they have no hope. But who robbed them of hope? We, the white people! We have forced them to resign themselves to misery. But how can a nation survive and progress when the majority of the people are excluded from the national community?

"The Indian problem is the problem of national unity and, therefore, of our existence as a nation," he continued. "The agricultural problem merges with that of racial integration. Agrarian revolution and radical land reform would not solve it. Resettlement, better methods of cultivation, rural cooperatives, diversified production, better rural roads, irrigation of arid land, drainage of water-logged jungles—these are the things that would cement the ties between the Indians and the rest of the nation."

Many people were waiting for Haya in the next room. From time to time somebody would open the door and cast baleful looks at us, but nobody dared interrupt.

"I'm afraid we are abusing your time," I said, but he was carried away by his own eloquence:

"Our greatest need is for schools, education for every child. The feeling of national unity cannot be based on resentment, vengeance, passion. Violence calls forth more

violence, and our country has had enough of hatred and bloodshed. We must look for better ways to solve our problems. We are ready to forget and join forces with all, even those with whom we disagree on many issues, provided they go in the right direction."

Again and again somebody would half-open the door.

"Dr. Haya, your friends are waiting—"

He broke off. "I'm sorry we cannot continue our conversation," he remarked, rising. "I wanted to give you a feeling of our problems."

We assured him: "Whenever we think of Peru, we will remember this evening."

THE TREASURER OF THE STATE GOVERNMENT

We met him after a lecture in Guadalajara, capital of the State of Jalisco, Mexico. Francisco Medina Ascensio, a man in his forties, very elegant in dress and manners. He asked what we wanted to see, and I answered, as usual: "Everything. The best and the worst."

"You will," he promised. "My car will pick you up at nine tomorrow morning."

Our U.S. friends explained to us that this man was the state treasurer; in addition, he was responsible for all Guadalajara's projects in the field of economics and public welfare. They described him as a person of great energy and integrity and the state's outstanding civic leader—director of the civil-service retirement system, president of the Committee for the Improvement of Local Housing, and so on. We had expected him to assign one of his aides to us, but he came himself. "I can give you all the information you may want, and for me it will be just another tour of our projects."

Driving along the new avenues, he explained the master plan of the city and showed us the excavations for water and sewage lines. We had a look at a recently completed underground garage run by the municipality, the proceeds of which finance lunches for schoolchildren. Next we stopped at a high school, a fine example of good-looking functional architecture. A spacious court for recreation, a gymnasium, and an open-air amphitheater on the slope behind the building. From there we began a tour of housing projects.

The state treasurer knew the city as one knows one's own home. He told us about each project, when it was started, what it cost, its advantages and shortcomings. We saw rows of one-family houses—two or three bedrooms, living room, bathroom, all utilities, and a small front yard, all for five to ten dollars a month. Within the compound was an open-air nursery, and we saw some two dozen small children dancing in a circle around the teacher. Another teacher came out and showed us two

playrooms that the children use in bad weather. "These are our best dwellings for low-income families. But many cannot afford to pay ten dollars a month. We must make shelter cheaper, much cheaper, but this means sacrificing quality."

We saw self-help projects where people build their own houses with materials supplied by the municipality. Then we stopped at a vast development.

"This is an experiment that may interest you," said the state treasurer. "The builder is a friend of mine. He undertook to build five thousand one-family houses to rent for three or four dollars a month. Nothing fancy, but they meet all requirements. We supply the land and some of the materials, the builder does the rest. The rent will cover his expenses and amortize the capital, but he will make no profit." The contractor was there, in shirt sleeves, cheerful, proud of his project.

From there the state treasurer took us to "improved" tenements. The municipality had no money to rebuild them and could make only small improvements. The improvement consisted of a paved alley, brightly colored.

Our guide said: "You wanted to see the worst. I'll show you how the poorest people live here." The car stopped in front of a long, dilapidated building. Through a dark corridor we penetrated into the interior court of a compound crisscrossed by narrow alleys with low barracks on both sides. They had no windows, only doors, each one opening into a long, dark cubicle—the living quarters of a family. The alleys were unpaved and littered with trash through which naked children crawled.

The state treasurer preceded us. From time to time he turned his head and repeated: "This is how some people live even now in our fine city."

We passed a row of public latrines. All the doors were ajar, and our guide closed each. Further on we passed a public laundry. From outside I could not see the people within; I only heard the splash of water and the murmur of voices. But from the dark interior the women recognized the state treasurer. One angry voice shouted: "Here you are. You have houses only for the rich. Why won't you build any for the poor?"

"That's not true. We do build houses for the poor," he replied.

"How much do you charge for your houses?"

"Last month we rented two hundred houses at four dollars a month."

"That much I could pay myself. Who gets them?"

"Those who apply. By the end of this month we will have a hundred ready. Make your application. If you do not get one immediately, your turn will come later."

When we returned to the car, our guide said sadly: "These are our worst slums. Actually I cheated the woman. We already have seven hundred applications for the next hundred houses. I just wanted to give her some hope. In six months we expect to have three thousand units ready. If all goes well, we will be able to start demolishing tenements like these a year from now. In five years Guadalajara will be a clean city. How can one expect people to be good citizens when they haven't a decent place to live?" ♦



building for a conference —and after

LILLO LINKE

BUILDERS IN QUITO, Ecuador's lofty capital, are working feverishly to have everything in readiness when the city plays host to the Eleventh Inter-American Conference early next year. The next-to-the-smallest of the South American countries, Ecuador was short of facilities for such a large-scale, high-level gathering of the American republics, and could not afford to create them just for the occasion. As a result, the frantic activity now going on will be of permanent benefit. Projects for a number of buildings that have long been badly needed were dusted off, the various official agencies cooperated to find the necessary funds for them, and they will serve the Conference before being put to their planned use.

Congress, for example, will at last get its new home, part of the funds for which had been set aside for a number of years; the Presidential Palace, whose century-

old walls were beginning to crumble, will be renovated; and the Foreign Ministry will finally be housed in a modern building. The social-security system has put up the money for a first-class hotel, and the two universities in Quito have both received grants to speed the construction of their student dormitories, so that several hundred members of the Conference secretariat can live there first. The new headquarters of the Social Insurance Fund, now going up, will provide just the right spot for the dozens of offices the meeting operations will require. The municipality of Quito was granted help to speed up its street-widening-and-paving program and other improvements.

Clearly, none of this was just for the Conference—the kind of pavilions erected at a fair to be torn down the day after it closes. Quite the contrary: Ecuador had never undertaken to set up more solid buildings, intended to resist the centuries. They also beat all previous records for size, cost, and speed of construction.

In a country where, according to a popular saying, more "ruins" used to be erected than had survived from ancient Rome—walls standing for decades without roofs, or even foundations remaining forever without walls, because of the money giving out too soon or some other calamity—complete buildings suddenly seemed to rise

overnight. Hundreds of workers kept swarming up and down the scaffolds, and astonished *quiteños* watched a new floor come into being every other week. Up, up, up went the concrete structures right next to oldtime one- and two-story buildings. Photographs taken in March were out of date in April. The whole city was suddenly changing.

Architecturally, the outlines of the huge new blocks reveal little that has not already been seen under the generic description of "modern" all over the world for the last twenty years. But for Quito, where for the most part the colonial aspect was preserved relatively unspoiled until the end of World War II, and where the first properly constructed concrete building dates only from 1943, this eruption of vast masses of cement and glass meant little short of a revolution.

More revolutionary still is the fact that to a large extent it was planned and is now being executed by about two dozen very young men. Many are still in their twenties; others, like Sixto Durán Ballén, an architect who since 1956 has been Minister of Public Works, are well this side of forty: the oldest, the Uruguayan architect Gilberto Gatto Sobral, former director of the Central University School of Architecture and teacher of many of the rest, looks at least ten years younger than his actual forty-eight.

To be young may, of course, have some drawbacks. You are expected to work three times as hard as everybody else for a very small salary or modest profits, and too many people attempt to tell you how to do things better. On the other hand, the large buildings now rising in various parts of the town are giving these young architects and construction engineers a splendid chance to try their wings in a flock—a chance that might never have come without the 1960 Conference. Almost exclusively trained right in Ecuador, they are determined to serve their country well, as can be seen by visiting them at their work.

At the new Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for example, tall, dark, boyishly handsome Milton Barragán, born twenty-four years ago in Chimborazo Province, explained that he had prepared the project for the building as his thesis for graduation from the Quito School of Architecture. "My particular problem," he said, "was that the old Ministry consisted of two blocks built somewhat in the

style of a French castle, the people's idea of the embodiment of elegance early in this century. Only one of the blocks was to be pulled down and replaced. The other, holding all reception rooms, was still in pretty good condition. Now, I could not possibly attempt to match the old style, so I decided to establish a visual separation between it and the new block that contains all the offices. Of course, the two had to be connected, but for that purpose I chose a very low central structure invisible from the main road."

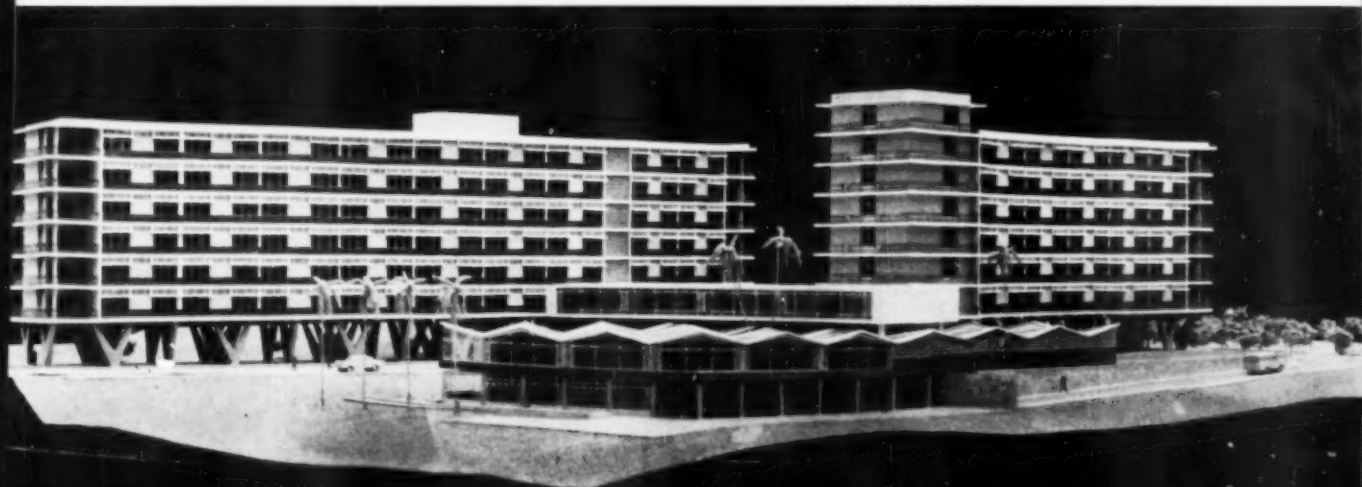
Obviously, Barragán spent days on designing every detail. But perhaps none received more loving attention than the ground-floor walls. Unlike the rest, they are formed of large blocks of cut stone. "I wanted to take advantage of Quito's strong, clear light as it would be reflected by these grayish-white stones, set in various planes. They look monumental in spite of their simplicity, don't you think?"

Milton Barragán is now employed by the Planning Department attached to the Ecuadorian Secretariat of the Eleventh Conference. There, half a dozen young men work under Alfredo León, a lean, pale-faced architect of thirty, who besides local study under Durán Ballén has had a year's training in urban development in Uruguay.

Alfredo must sometimes feel almost physically crushed by the weight of the new Congress and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, whose construction his office is directing. Fortunately, his staff is composed of such eager young men as Milton and his close friend Germán Sevilla. Germán, twenty-five, does not yet hold a professional title. He will obtain that after his thesis, the project for an extensive educational center for the Christian Brothers of Ambato, has been accepted. It includes a primary and secondary school for a total of twelve hundred pupils, a hall, a chapel, laboratories, dormitories, living quarters for the staff, and so on. As soon as the Christian Brothers obtain the necessary eight million sucres, Germán is almost certain they will ask him to convert the blueprints into something three-dimensional.

Meanwhile, he rushes with Milton and his other companions from the Legislative Palace or Congress building to the Foreign Ministry. There, he frequently comes across his older brother Gonzalo, a thirty-four-year-old engineer who, with his only slightly older friend Ernesto Martínez

Model of student dormitories at Central University City. Men's building (left) is nearly completed, will house Eleventh Conference Secretariat





Minister of Public Works Sixto Durán Ballén (fifth from left) receives architects' model of new Congress building, where Conference will meet

Cobo and a third partner, Antonio Granda Centeno, not so long ago formed a construction company and bid successfully for the contract for the new section of the Ministry. Gonzalo Sevilla had previously held the responsible position of Director of the Urban Planning Department of Quito, while Martínez had distinguished himself as director of the industries section of the Development Bank.

At the Foreign Ministry, their particular problem was the terrain. This northern part of Quito, only recently developed, was long ago a swampy lake formed by the rains washing off Mount Pichincha, which rises immediately to the west of the town. The soft grounds caused a lot of trouble for a ten-story building still under construction right in front of the Ministry. Taking no chances, Sevilla and Martínez dug twenty-four-foot foundations.

Their firm is also responsible for the new Social Insurance Fund building, which will be the first of the major structures to be finished, towards the end of this year. Martínez, whose technical ability is coupled with an infectious enthusiasm, is particularly pleased with the perfect materials going into the decoration of this building. Moreover, they give a true reflection of the way in which Ecuador is nowadays tied into the world market: glass bricks and window panes from Belgium; telephones from Germany; plastic floor tiles from the United States; lighting fixtures from Holland; marble from Italy—these are just some of the items that are being combined with Ecuadorian stone and cement to form a most stately and impressive building, the tallest in all the country, with twelve floors above ground and two below. It is indicative of the still extremely limited industrial development of Latin America as a whole that Colombia was the sole country from that large area that submitted a bid, and that was on only two items and too late to be taken into account. But the partners had an inspiration.

"Why continue to import marble from the other side of the world?" asked Martínez. "We have beautiful stone in various parts of the Ecuadorian sierra. As long as our artisans continue cutting and polishing it by hand, they can never hope to compete in price with Italian marble.

So let's import suitable machinery and start producing on a large scale." And that is precisely what they are going to do, having already found two North Americans to put up the necessary capital.

The plans for the Social Insurance Fund headquarters were designed by a firm of architects of which Gilberto Gatto Sobral is a leading member. They thought that in a building worth about thirty million sucres (the official rate of exchange is fifteen sucres to the dollar) room should be found for artistic expression, and so two of Ecuador's best-known artists are now at work, Galo Galecio painting a large mural in the hall and Jaime Andrade cutting a three-hundred-square-foot bas-relief into the stone wall that runs around three sides of the base of the building. "It will represent various kinds of work on land, river, and sea, which are our three elements," Jaime Andrade explains to visitors, after removing his dust-mask. "Work, after all, is the best security."

A group of artists and architects is now planning to submit to the next Congress a bill making it obligatory for any budget for a public building costing more than three hundred thousand sucres to set aside 2 per cent for

Booming construction further hampers traffic in Quito's narrow streets. At left, Presidential Palace being remodeled



embellishment by works of art. "Ecuador has always been famous for her artists," declared Sobral, who after seventeen years in the country considers himself as Ecuadorian as the best of them, "and architecture has never been considered complete without the cooperation of sculptors and painters."

The internationally famous painter Oswaldo Guayasamin would fully agree with him. He is one of the people kept busiest by the Eleventh Conference preparations. Huge murals of Venetian glass mosaic designed by him will adorn the Law School, built some years ago as part of Quito's University City, and the remodeled Presidential Palace. For the Palace hall he has chosen a triptych representing the discovery of the Amazon, which was a direct consequence of Francisco de Orellana's expedition from Quito in 1538 in search of El Dorado.

The remodeling of the old Palace was entrusted to a woman architect, the first ever to be employed in Ecuador. It is not polite to inquire after a woman's age, but Ethel Arias, the pretty, dark-eyed Uruguayan wife of Alfredo León, seems to be in her late twenties. Since she came to Quito in 1955, she has become a close friend of her young male colleagues, who have accepted her as one of their own. She was delighted at discovering the numerous architectural remains of Quito's colonial past and still spends some of her time drawing an old portal here, a nailed door there. For her present work she patiently searched for authentic illustrations that might serve her as inspiration.

The white Palace on the western side of the Plaza Grande dates back to the seventeenth century, but has gradually spread out and been altered so much that probably little, if anything, is left of the original building. Yet its simple, distinguished façade with the portico and second-floor balcony that runs along most of the front—an ideal platform for addressing the people—at least looks as if it had added its characteristic lines for centuries to the square that is still the very heart of Quito.

For a long time the Palace housed only the offices of the head of the Royal Audiencia, or, later, of the independent nation, until in the last century the Ministry of the Interior and the two chambers of Congress moved in as well. The walls often shook not only with earthquakes and tremors but with the ardor of political speeches, and more than once they echoed the sound of civil strife. A few years ago, a thorough examination of the Palace revealed that most of it was beyond repair. Decay had been creeping in stealthily, and it would soon have collapsed irretrievably.

"I found several previous projects for reconstructing the Palace," explained Ethel Arias. "They all were careful to respect the façade, so dear not only to *quiteños* but to all Ecuador. So I tried to follow their example, even though some of the stone columns had to be replaced. Apart from that, my task was to create within a fixed and relatively narrow space a combination of presidential residence, meeting place for the Cabinet, and a series of reception rooms and banquet halls—all of these with modern facilities, set in a framework of the past." She sighed: "Something entirely new would have been so much easier!"



Sculptor Jaime Andrade (with dust mask) is doing bas-relief on forms of labor on wall of new Social Insurance headquarters



Painter Oswaldo Guayasamin (second from left) shows sketches for mural on discovery of Amazon for remodeled Presidential Palace



Architect Milton Barragán in front of unusual stone wall he designed for Ministry of Foreign Affairs building

Her careful planning and tenacious wrestling with the many problems as they cropped up seems to have been crowned with success. Everybody has become used to seeing her energetic figure clad in blouse and slacks, with

her black hair covered by a multi-colored scarf, climb tirelessly all over the building and even dash out into the street in this unusual outfit—unusual, that is, for downtown Quito. The workmen have long stopped wondering at orders given to them by a woman.

It is a very handsome residence she has designed for future Presidents—a third-floor apartment above the offices. The area, to be sure, has largely ceased to be residential, and is now dominated by ministries, banks, offices, shops, and a dozen colonial churches and cloisters. Helping out on some of the technical aspects of the whole building are several young engineers, among them thirty-two-year-old Carlos Bonilla, Ecuador's only specialist in prestressed concrete. He followed postgraduate studies in Paris on a scholarship from the French Government. His return in 1957 was most opportune, since certain tricky details at the Presidential Palace could only be solved by applying the new techniques.

Congress, made homeless by the reconstruction, had no choice but to hasten the erection of the much-discussed but never-started Legislative Palace. A site for it had been designated back in 1945 when the Uruguayan specialist Guillermo Jones Odriozola drew up a modern town plan for Quito. Designs had also piled up for some time as a result of an international competition. Finally, the present government took matters in hand, and Minister of Public Works Durán Ballén gathered around him a group of young men (and Ethel) who set to work with a will. They drafted the definitive plans, and the building is now going up.

Again the large thirty-million-sucre building shows in its modern lines little to startle the eye, but there is something very exciting about the spaciousness and entire arrangement of the interior. In the past, the two legislative chambers used to be separated only by thick curtains, which easily allowed noisy fervor to travel from one to the other. The public galleries were cramped. But things will be different in the ample, completely separate chambers and in the truly majestic hall for joint sessions, where the Eleventh Inter-American Conference will be held.

Every possible convenience for the senators and deputies will be provided. The press will enjoy up-to-date facilities. The central hall will hold as many as two thousand people, and with its great height, open views, and sweeping stairways will provide an entirely new and undoubtedly uplifting experience for the Ecuadorian man in the street. As to the galleries, there will be room for all those who want to listen. Large open terraces will allow parliamentarians and visitors to feel as if they were floating over the town (the building is on a small elevation), and Quito's climate of eternal spring will find expression in an abundance of flowers and flowering bushes, to be selected and arranged by another of the "wonder boys," Andrés Chiriboga, a sedate *quiteño* of twenty-six.

Chiriboga, who has studied in the United States and in Brazil under the famous Roberto Burle Marx, is Ecuador's only landscape architect and the most widely traveled of the group so far. The floral arrangements on the main

terrace are only a minor job for him. His major tasks are the projects for the very elaborate gardens that will surround the Congress building and the new hotel. His work still shows strongly the influence of Burle Marx, but who could object to that? The outcome of his efforts should be a wonderful combination of greatly varied upright plants and flat lines drawn by varying sands, pebbles, lawns, and flower beds. To the movement of tree tops will be added the play of fountains. If his projects are accepted for execution, as seems likely, Quito will have something outstanding to offer even the most blasé delegates to the Inter-American Conference.

The project most likely to be carried out immediately is the one for the garden next to the hotel. This building will break several records, including the one for the amount of public and private discussions set in motion. The cost of forty-five million sucres, which includes full equipment, nearly all imported, is being provided out of the two social-security funds, the Social Insurance Fund and the Pension Fund.

The hotel will be run by the Hotel Corporation of America, a U.S. chain now branching out into Latin America for the first time. To follow its usual practice, the Corporation suggested that the original name, "Atahualpa," be changed to "Hotel Quito." A Florida hotel architect, Charles F. McKirahan, designed the entire project, while a compatriot, Henry End, took charge of the interior decorating.

The Hotel Quito claims to be the fastest rising of all the new buildings in the capital. It occupies a site at the edge of town and dominates one of the most beautiful views in this city so rich in views. The eye can follow Orellana's trail across the valley as far as the Eastern Cordillera, which walls off the jungle land beyond. In addition to the view, the occupants of the hotel's 250 rooms and cabañas will enjoy such matter-of-fact luxuries as a heated and plastic-roofed swimming pool (Quito may enjoy eternal spring, but it is still 9,350 feet above sea level), night clubs, and dance floors.

In August about seven hundred workmen were still busy with the finishing jobs, such as laying tiles and putting in windows. Close to a hundred stone masons sitting on the ground, hammering away by hand at the blocks that will form the retaining walls of the terraces, made an odd contrast to the smooth concrete structure with its twentieth-century installations. Applying techniques little altered since Inca times, they will set up the blocks in intricate interlocking patterns left entirely to their own design. But whereas their direct ancestors (the craft is generally handed down from father to son) erected similar walls so cleverly that no mortar was needed and not even a knife blade could be pushed between the stones, cement is now used for a mortar, though carefully kept out of sight.

Only one other important building to be put at the disposal of the Conference need be mentioned here: the student residence at the Central University City. The University City started ten years ago with nothing but the single administration building on a hundred acres of land in the then undeveloped northern part of Quito.

now an area of fashionable suburban houses. Since that time, several faculties have acquired ample modern buildings that rise harmoniously up the slopes of Mount Pichincha. A large stadium was carved out of the hillside. But many of the students from the provinces, who make up about 60 per cent of the present total of 3,650, are still living, often two or more together, in shabby, airless, rented rooms in ancient central-city mansions.

The University Council was able to convince the Government that this was an impossible state of affairs, that student residences were most urgently required out at the University City, and that they could well serve at first as a temporary home for the Secretariat of the Eleventh Conference. Otherwise the staff members would have no place to rest their weary heads, since the "Quito" and the capital's older hotels would provide only enough space for the delegates and their wives. The Government thereupon decided to contribute three million sucres (plus another million to the student residence of the Catholic University), the Central University making up the rest of the twelve million sucres needed for the building and equipment.

This made everybody happy, but perhaps nobody more so than Gilberto Gatto Sobral, who is responsible for the over-all planning and many of the individual projects of the University City, though the residence happens to be the work of six young people, four of them former students of his.

"To me, the student residence is the basis on which the success of the entire university depends," he said recently. "We have to help the whole man and not insist exclusively on training his intellect." The whole man, of course, needs to enjoy the arts and sports and have opportunities for play and entertainment, apart from study, work, eating, and sleeping. All this the new University City is attempting to look after.

In the men's residence—a seven-story elevator building—there will be 225 two-bed rooms furnished like any modern hotel room, but with a washbasin connected with cold and instant hot water to be supplied by the latest type of installation. A bathroom is placed between each two bedrooms. A women's residence is also planned for later.

Again, the view from the building is superb, embracing all of Quito as it spreads along the narrow valley between the two cordilleras. A terrace occupies the entire roof, with room for hundreds to look, rest, study, or chat. The dining hall, reading room, and other common rooms form a second block in front of the dormitory but so low that it does not obstruct the view. Construction of both blocks is well advanced.

Some faculty members objected to "all this luxury for students who generally come from poor homes." "Just so," was the reply of the defenders of progress. "Because they do, it is all the more necessary for the university to show them how educated people should live. After all, the young men are our future doctors, lawyers, economists, and most likely even Presidents of the Republic, and the sooner they live at middle-class level the better."

Building is now the biggest industry in Quito, a city

of 275,000 people. In 1957, when the new public buildings were hardly out of the planning stage, an estimated 170 million sucres was invested in construction, principally of housing and office buildings. Now the government program alone involves something like sixty million, not counting its contributions to the University and other institutions.

At any given moment, up to three thousand workmen may be pouring concrete, hammering away at timber, chiseling stones, or laying wooden or tile floors. Questioning these men, who do not seem to mind the interruption since they are on a fixed wage (such craftsmen have traditionally worked at piece rates before), one discovers that probably only one out of five was born in Quito. The rest have come in as part of the world-wide flight from the land.

Many are artisans who simply changed the object to which they apply their skills: a fourteen-story office building instead of a two-story family house. Fourteen entire families were specially brought from Riobamba, where the ceramics factory had trained them in laying tile, to do the same kind of work on the Social Insurance building. A temporary shelter was built to house them. Some will return to Riobamba, others will stay on in Quito.

But the majority of the newcomers are illiterate or semiliterate peasants, now transformed into unskilled labor, and though few now wear their hair in long braids, their Indian origin is obvious. "Last week I was still digging potatoes near Latacunga," one will say, while his mate reports: "I worked on a hacienda up to ten days ago." They are all from the sierra regions of Ecuador and therefore used to living at high altitudes. To work six or more stories above street level and climb endless flights of stairs (the elevators are not yet installed) must be a strange experience for them nonetheless. But it has been observed that they adapt themselves within a few days. Certainly one adaptation is notable: being workmen now and wage-earners, they have given up the old peon custom of addressing every well-dressed man as *patrón* or *patroncito*. The first new word they learn to use easily is *ingeniero*.

As in all such cases, these men were attracted by town life and higher money wages, overlooking the fact that as a rule a good deal of their weekly pay goes for rent (they may sleep several in one room, spreading their ponchos on the floor) and for food, both of which they got either free or much more cheaply at home. In the beginning, they usually return to their families over the week end or after a spell of two months, but once they are confident of obtaining steady employment their families follow them.

So the coming Inter-American Conference is reaching far out into Quito's hinterland, bringing about changes in lives of people who would not understand or care much about the solemn speeches that will be made there in their name and, over the long run, in their interest. Altogether, it has already proved a stimulus to Quito and much of Ecuador, releasing energies and speeding up developments that might otherwise have needed many years. ♦



USHUAIA frontier town

HUGO ROCHA

WHETHER BY AIR OR SEA, the approach to Ushuaia, the little Argentine city on the southern shore of Tierra del Fuego Island, is striking. If you travel by plane (five hours from Buenos Aires), you can watch the vast deserts of Patagonia give way to the last ramparts of the Andean cordillera as you cross the Strait of Magellan. It requires every bit of the pilot's skill to land at the small local airport, ringed by the sea and the snow-capped, fog-shrouded mountains called Olivia, Susana, and Five Brothers. So does taking off, of course: he must maneuver adroitly to gain enough altitude to clear the peaks, which, though less than five thousand feet high, are extremely abrupt and much too close to the field. And getting to Ushuaia by ship (five days from Buenos Aires), through the tricky Fuegian channels, demands just as much expertness from a sea captain.

Ushuaia itself, which has the distinction of being the world's southernmost settlement of any importance, is picturesque and hospitable. Its steep streets and houses

of wood, stone, and zinc overlook the green waters of Beagle Channel, where penguins and seals swim happily or sun themselves on the islands. You could not say flowers are plentiful, but during my visit, in the month of January, I saw beautiful poppies, larger than those of temperate climes. It is hard to believe that beyond this point there are practically no traces of human habitation. To the south there are only the gloomy, rocky solitudes of Cape Horn, the deep and tempestuous Drake Strait, and the icy immensity of the Antarctic continent.

For the sailors, soldiers, and scientists who go to spend the long winter months at Argentina's Antarctic bases, Ushuaia is the jumping-off place. When I arrived there en route to the Antarctic on an Argentine Navy transport, I was gazing in fascination at the snow on the mountains when one of the ship's officers advised me: "Better look at the trees—they're the last you'll see for a long time. The snow is just the first."

And when we came back from Antarctica several weeks



Town is squeezed between Beagle Channel and last Andean peaks

later and anchored off Puerto Español, only a few miles from Ushuaia, we were deeply impressed by the joy the veterans of Antarctic duty showed at stepping on the soft sand of the beach and seeing plants, flowers, and—wonder of wonders—a woman and child. They gathered round them most solicitously and chatted affectionately, as if they were being reunited with their own families.

The sky over Ushuaia is generally cloudy, which makes the place seem all the more solitary. What with Antarctic cold fronts and frequent violent storms, the climate is harsh, yet healthful. In winter the temperature drops as low as 10 degrees Fahrenheit. In summer it may go up to 77, but then again it may snow. At this time of year the air is usually dry and invigorating. When the sky is clear, you can fully appreciate the spectacular mountains, forests, and fiords, which rival Alaska or Norway in majestic beauty. Rising directly from sea level, the mountains look higher than they are.

But what is most astonishing and inspiring in this part of the world is the lonely, simple, helpless presence of man. Here you feel spiritually close to the Spanish, English, French, and Dutch mariners who discovered these lands, explored them in part, but never managed to conquer them; you stand in awe of those men, who sailed in wooden ships, with no marine charts or weather forecasts, with none of the navigational aids that are considered indispensable today. But even the most up-to-date equipment is no match for these turbulent waters. The sinking of the Argentine tugboat *Guarani* in October 1958 with forty men aboard is sad proof of that.

Ushuaians, men and women alike, are diligent workers, determined not to be overwhelmed by difficulties, proud to be the advance guard of progress on their country's

farthest frontier. Their faces reflect the city's complex history. There are descendants of Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Italians, Yugoslavs, Germans, and other nationalities—along with more typical Argentines, of course. Although there are no survivors of the native Yahgan Indians, you do see a mestizo type characteristic of Chiloé and the southernmost part of America generally—the *chilotas*, short men with strong arms and large round heads.

In the language of the Yaghans, Ushuaia means "inside refuge," an allusion to the sheltered natural harbor where the tribes must have camped periodically on their fishing expeditions. It was here, in 1868, that the Anglican pastor Thomas Bridges, whose descendants still live in Patagonia, began the task of colonization, founding a nucleus of population that soon attracted the natives. In 1883, when the Argentine Republic created the territorial governments, Ushuaia, with barely 150 inhabitants, was named capital of the Argentine part of Tierra del Fuego. The Navy, which in fact exercises a sort of tutelage over the territory, sent an expedition under the command of Commodore Laserre to take legal possession of the town in the name of the Republic. On October 12, 1884, it established a maritime subprefecture there, helping to give the diminutive village still higher standing. (At the same time, the sailors introduced the measles, which practically wiped out the natives.)

But the thing that gave Ushuaia most renown was the establishment in 1899 of a military—later civilian—prison, destined exclusively for dangerous criminals, generally those condemned to life imprisonment. In those days, confinement at Ushuaia was virtually the same as deportation, a South American equivalent of exile to



Siberia. The prisoners—at one time as many as eight hundred—were employed at their trades or in building houses, opening roads, and cutting down forests. The possibilities of escape, or simply of survival outside the city, were practically nil. This penal colony gave Ushuaia a sad fame but was its principal support for many years. In 1910, as Father Alberto de Agostini relates in his book *Treinta Años de Tierra del Fuego* (Thirty Years in Tierra del Fuego), "the development and vitality of Ushuaia depended almost exclusively on the number of prison employees, who lived on government salaries, for neither

Small-scale lumbering, one of few industries of Argentine outpost



cattle breeding nor the lumber industry was a source of wealth."

The truth is that distance and isolation impeded Ushuaia's relations with the rest of the world, and even with the republic to which it belonged, as much as or more than the climate and the roughness of the soil. This situation was shared by other towns in the South until, to facilitate the supplying and development of the region, the Argentine Government granted the privileges of a free zone to all ports below the forty-second parallel. As a result, late-model U.S. automobiles, nicknamed *colachatas* (flat tails), travel Ushuaia's unpaved streets and arouse the envy of visitors from Buenos Aires. In the modest local shops you can buy imported merchandise that is unattainable in the capital—nylon clothes, bourbon and Scotch, cameras, ball-point pens, tape recorders, cigarettes, and even bathing suits with Fifth Avenue labels. Frequently this merchandise reaches Buenos Aires as contraband, to the delight and profit of some residents there. Many Argentines, however, doubt whether the tractors and equipment necessary for the region's progress are being imported, and therefore demand elimination of the free-zone privilege.

An era of great civic progress for Ushuaia began in 1943, when the prison was closed down and in its place the Navy established a headquarters for a detachment of Marines. Ushuaia then became the capital of Argentine Tierra del Fuego, Antarctica, and the Islands of the South Atlantic—rather a grandiose title for a city of two thousand souls. With the growth of naval operations in Antarctica, Ushuaia became an important communications and supply base for the Navy; simultaneously it grew in stature as a tourist center and as the seat of government for such a vast region.

In 1943, as part of an ambitious plan to revitalize Ushuaia, the Borsari Company brought in a large contingent of Italian laborers and technicians under contract

Ricky and Alina were born in Ushuaia of Yugoslav parents





Air and naval base provides most of local income since penal colony was abolished

to work on public projects and establish industries. New residential neighborhoods—adding up to more than 250 comfortable, modern houses—rose around the original nucleus, along the bay and on the slopes of the near-by hills. The pier was extended to accommodate deep-draught ships; a beautiful avenue was run along the shore; and the airport was built, with an excellent road to the city.

A number of important buildings also date from that

active period—the naval and city hospitals; the national school and bank; the Post and Telecommunications Office, which charges ridiculously low rates for telegrams and telephone service in order to facilitate communications with the rest of the country. The Salesian Church in the center of the city is a handsome building that dominates the main street. The Olivia River falls, three miles from town, was the natural site for a hydroelectric plant. It has two turbines with a capacity of 1,100 kilowatts, which has so far proved sufficient for the town's light and power requirements.

Sawmill machinery brought from Italy was set up to process local woods, but this venture was doomed to financial failure. The enormous forests that surround Ushuaia are not so rich as they seem. In the first place, only one species can be used, the so-called Fuegian oak (*Nothofagus antarctica*), which really belongs to the beech family. Moreover, the forests have been largely burned over by the colonists to make pastures. A terrible fire in 1917 aggravated the situation, and today the woods are a sad sight.

So progress has not come easy to Ushuaia. In time, many of the enthusiastic immigrants returned home or left in search of broader horizons. Despite every effort, Ushuaia is still a small city isolated in the last confine of the South American continent, where man's best intentions are often defeated by an exceptionally hard and hostile Nature. Separated by the mountains from the big Patagonian ranches, it must get along on its own resources or what the Government grants it. Economically, it is more or less back to where it was in the days of the prison. "The city lives off the air and naval base," a merchant told me. "When the Navy is slow with its pay, we all suffer."



Town's hydroelectric power comes from Olivia River falls, which are also a tourist attraction

What, in fact, are Ushuaia's "own resources"? Food is not lacking. There is plenty of lamb and chicken, brought from the ranches on the other side of the channel and kept in a small government cold-storage plant. Nor is milk scarce, thanks to a government dairy that has a fine herd of Holstein milch cows. Fishing has always been good in the channel—robalo, center fish (oversized crabs), *cholgás* (large mussels with tough, strong-tasting meat)—and small canning plants process the catch. The climate is not good for grain, but all kinds of vegetables grow abundantly in little gardens next to almost every house.

Fortunately, tourists are beginning to find Ushuaia—and are, of course, creating a new source of income. From the city, excursions can be made on foot, on horseback, or by car to near-by points of interest, such as Lendegaia and Lapataia bays, the falls of the Olivia, Fagnano Lake, and the glaciers of the Martial Mountains. The highest peak of that range is only six miles from the city and can be climbed without too much difficulty in five hours. At the summit, about forty-nine hundred feet up, you get the impression of being even higher because of the extraordinary variety and imposing grandeur of the landscape. The Andean Club of Ushuaia helps tourists organize these trips.

For those already familiar with Córdoba, Bariloche, and other Argentine tourist centers, Ushuaia is a genuine novelty, or at least a peaceful backwater, ideal for rest. And now there is an extraordinary attraction that the

Navy has been offering since the summer of 1953—tourist cruises that leave from Ushuaia and, after following the Fuegian channels, cross the Drake Strait to Antarctica itself (see "Sightseeing in Antarctica," by Robert A. Nichols, February 1959).

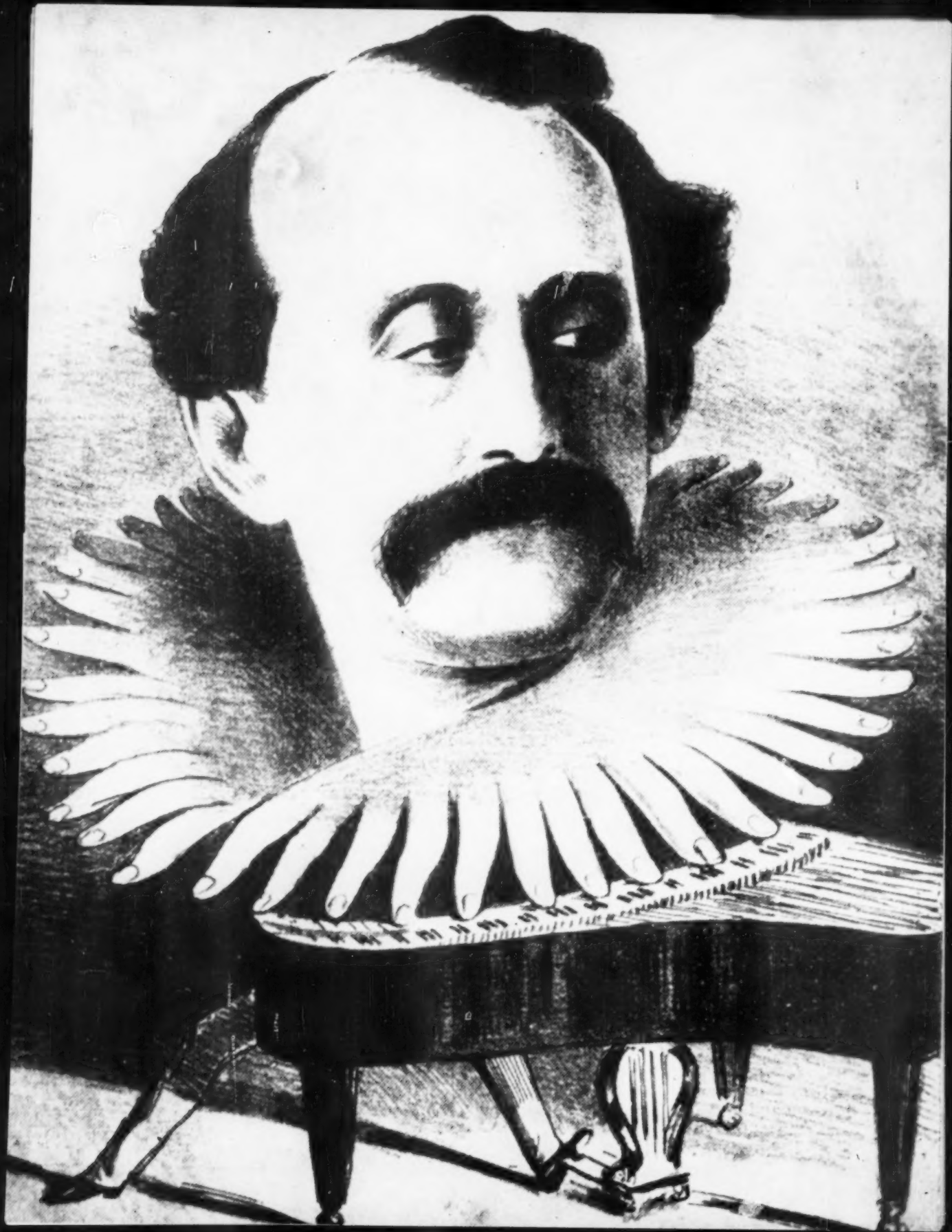
"Ushuaia is not progressing," I heard repeatedly. "Ushuaia is slowly being depopulated." It may be that those who say this are partly right. But, seeing the people at work, I could not doubt Ushuaia's future. The Bronzovich brothers, proprietors of a small local sawmill, showed typical confidence. "The Fuegian oak is a very noble wood," they told me. "It is good for furniture as well as construction. We ship it to all parts of the country, in the Navy vessels."

The children are especially affable with outsiders. I chatted with a blond brother and sister, children of Yugoslavs—Ricky, three, and Alina, eight. Both have grown up there and are healthy, strong, and happy, and know what they want. "I'm in third grade," Alina told me, "and I'm going to study to be a teacher." Ricky is equally sure about his plans: he is going to be a sailor.

This, then, is Ushuaia, almost a century after its foundation. It is still a redoubt of civilization and culture, a spark of life in the midst of the most inhospitable region in America, surrounded by mountains, forests, oceans, ice, storms, and tremendous distances. But now no one can extinguish it. In the eternal struggle of man against the environment, Ushuaia represents a handsome Argentine victory. ♦

Despite bleak climate, flowers grow profusely during summer too short for farming





The peripatetic Gottschalk

America's First Concert Pianist

JEANNE BEHREND

"FROM THE HEIGHT of my eighty thousand miles I defy the whole world!" No ordinary traveler was boasting this mileage, nor was the mark being achieved under ordinary circumstances. The place was the United States in the throes of the Civil War; the man, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the first U.S. concert pianist. From 1862 to 1865 he traveled up to Canada, down to Virginia, west to Milwaukee, by sea and land to San Francisco, then east to mining towns in Nevada where a grand piano had never been seen before. His tours were successful in the main, but so beset with hardships as to wring from him the comment: "The devil take the poets who sing the joy's of an artist's life."

This three-year feat had been preceded by five years of wandering through the West Indies, Venezuela, the Guianas, and northern Brazil, and was followed by a four-year tour down the west coast of South America,

around Cape Horn, and north to Rio de Janeiro. There Gottschalk died in 1869. He had been as famous a pianist as his contemporaries Chopin and Liszt. His spectacular career had straddled three continents and been studded with jeweled decorations and adoring women. His composition *The Last Hope* was to be for many years the fond property of every young lady with a piano in the parlor.

Yet by the turn of the century, when his sister wrote a plaintive letter to a music magazine in his defense, she was assured in no uncertain terms that his music was just rubbish and good riddance to it. *The Last Hope* still went on its saccharine way, both as the much-loved hymn *Mercy* and as an indispensable aid to the silent movies, but the name of Gottschalk was largely forgotten. Now, however, as the centenary of the Civil War approaches, interest in that era is growing, and Victorian culture is seen in perspective. Gottschalk, too, is again coming into his own.

The turning point came in 1949, when the pianist John Kirkpatrick prepared an edition of *Marche des Gibaros, Souvenir de Porto Rico*. I recorded it the following year. This piece, written during Gottschalk's West Indian sojourn, revealed a new side of the composer. Based on a Puerto Rican folk tune, it is a march of ruthless pace, beginning in dark mystery, developing to a brilliant climax, and dying away to an ominous murmur. An article by Dr. Francisco Curt Lange on Gottschalk's life and his death in Rio appeared in the *Revista de Estudios Musicales* of the Argentine University of Cuyo in 1950-51. Next, *Cakewalk*, a ballet contrived out of a potpourri of Gottschalk tunes, was added to the repertoire of the New York City Ballet. This piece was recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The intrepid pianist Eugene List essayed the first LP record devoted exclusively to Gottschalk piano works, in September 1956. Two months later my edition of his works, the first such collection in about fifty years, was published, followed in April 1957 by my recording of them. And now at last there is a biography, *Where the Word Ends, The Life of Louis Moreau Gottschalk*, by Vernon Loggins, which gives some idea of this utterly fascinating man's true stature.

Gottschalk was born in 1829, in perhaps the most "un-American" city in the United States—New Orleans. The city he knew as a boy occupied only a comparatively small area—the present French Quarter. The district was by then, and still is, Spanish in appearance, with wrought-iron balconies and spacious patios; but its culture was predominantly French. Gottschalk always spoke English with a French accent, and when his journal was published in 1833 it had to be translated for U.S. readers.

Gottschalk's mother, Aimée de Bruslé, was a daughter of French Creoles who had come to New Orleans as a result of the Negro uprisings and independence wars in Saint-Domingue. Many such families had sought refuge there, bringing to the city a more vivid mode of dress and intensifying the opera and theater activity that had already made it an important cultural center. But it was the Negroes themselves, in all shades and of every status

from slave to voodoo queen to landowner, who gave the quarter its most exotic aspect. Mingled with Gottschalk's early memories of opera and church melodies was the seductive music of the Negroes: the cries of the street vendors, the slaves dancing the Bamboula in Congo Square, and the songs of his old slave Sally—elements that many years later went into the making of jazz. Today, jazz connoisseurs are noticing elements of jazz in Gottschalk's works.

In 1842 Moreau, as his family called him, left for Paris. At thirteen, he was young for this customary Creole pilgrimage, but his musical precocity demanded further training forthwith. In time, Moreau was to meet Victor Hugo, Gautier, Dumas, Lamartine, Chopin, Berlioz, Offenbach, St. Saëns, and Bizet; and he was to charm them all, more or less, as pianist, as composer, and as an aristocrat of exotic origin. Chopin predicted a brilliant future for him. Berlioz and Gautier threw aside all journalistic reserve, writing at length on his musicianship and originality. His excellence in the classics was acknowledged, but what particularly endeared him to everyone was his own compositions, nostalgic evocations of New Orleans—*Bamboula*, *Le Bananier*, *La Savane*, and so on.

In France, Switzerland, Spain, wherever he went, his Creole pieces aroused frenzied enthusiasm. A mere boy had become a pioneer in musical folklore. Glinka had just published his Russian melodies; Chopin, his mazurkas and polonaises; Liszt was soon to follow with his Hungarian Rhapsodies. Moreau's contribution from his native Louisiana was part of this wave of nationalism.

His ten years in Europe had begun inauspiciously enough, though. When he applied for admission to the Paris Conservatoire, he was rejected by the head of the piano classes, Pierre Zimmermann, with words to the effect that "America is a land of railroads, not of artists." Seven years later, Moreau was to have the satisfaction of being appointed one of the judges at the Conservatoire's annual examination, on the same footing as Zimmermann. Moreover, his *Bamboula* was one of the required modern pieces for the event.

During this sojourn Moreau often felt himself to be on trial as an American citizen. Once a titled personage had observed to him that "democracy is just a Utopia," and Queen Maria Christina of Spain at first would not receive him because he came from the United States. Then there was the Grand Duchess of Russia who naïvely assumed that P. T. Barnum must be a distinguished statesman.

Speaking of Barnum, the wily promoter came to see Moreau shortly after he had returned to the United States (in December 1852) and made his New York debut, which was a critical but not a financial success. He offered the young pianist twenty thousand dollars for a year's concert tour, all expenses paid. Moreau's father, Edward Gottschalk, a cultured gentleman of English-Jewish origin, distrusted Barnum's blatant showmanship and thought his son could equal Jenny Lind's triumphs without taking on her manager. Moreau acted on his advice.

Less than a year later, at the close of an unsuccessful



Idealized crayon drawing of the young Gottschalk in France

New England tour, Moreau bitterly regretted this miscalculation. His father had just died, leaving him saddled with debts and with the responsibility of supporting his mother and several younger brothers and sisters. He had to relinquish his dream of returning to Paris with U.S. dollars and devoting himself to composition. He played everywhere he could and finally paid off the creditors, but his fortunes varied. Just at their lowest ebb, in September 1855, came a turning point in his American career, thanks to *The Last Hope* and an extremely efficient publisher. These were years of personal strain, too, with the death of his mother and a searing love affair.

Early in February 1857, Moreau sailed on a tour of the West Indies with the singer Adelina Patti, then only fourteen, and her father. They made a highly successful tour of Cuba (where Gottschalk had been earlier), then went on to St. Thomas, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Jamaica, and Caracas. After concerts in the Guianas and along the coast of northern Brazil, the Pattis returned to New York and Moreau, by now a reckless hedonist, went to Martinique. More concerts in Guadeloupe and then, in the face of growing success, he fled from the heat and from the fiery tug-of-war within himself to a stone hut high on an extinct volcano. There he composed *Réponds Moi*, *La Marche des Gibaros*, *Polonia*, *Columbia*, *Pastorella e Cavaliere*, *Jeunesse*, and other works. And, as he related

in his journal, he "began to live according to the customs of these primitive countries, which, if they are not strictly virtuous, are, in retaliation, terribly attractive."

Back to Havana he went for more playing, teaching, and directing huge concerts. Letters from the United States urged him to return, but he was in no hurry. Two years later he had a change of heart, when a telegram arrived from a New York manager. "I hesitated an instant," he recalled, "cast a last glance at the past, gave a sigh, and signed. The dream was finished—I was saved; but who shall say if in this salvage youth and poesy had not been wrecked?"

The dream was finished, indeed, and in its place was a nightmare: it was 1861. Moreau loved his native Louisiana, but he hated slavery. Before leaving Cuba he swore allegiance to Lincoln and to the Union cause. One of his cousins was to fight for the Confederacy, another for the Union. The fratricidal conflict was matched by the unrest in his own heart.

Now began those three years that occasioned both his defiant boast of mileage covered and his detailed description of the frantic tribulations of a grand concert tour—"The sight of a piano sets my hair on end like the victim in the presence of the wheel on which he is about to be tortured." To be sure, there were several fine hotels, gratefully noted, and some train accommodations elicited from him a tribute to "the inventive spirit of the Americans." There were magnificent concert halls and wildly enthusiastic audiences, though at least once his journal reveals: "No audience, and no applause. Just as we are commencing, the man who attends to the gas forewarns

Title page of first edition of an early Gottschalk work



us that at nine o'clock all the lights will be extinguished." Kindly hosts, at whose homes he sometimes stayed, relieved his feeling that "outside of the indirect relations of the ticket office, no other tie attaches you to those who surround you." And there was the absorbing daily encounter with his country's history.

But why did he follow this nomadic life? Interludes of teaching in the West Indies and in New York had proved satisfying; he had commanded high fees and attracted gifted students. In New York, around 1861, Manuel Carreño, a political refugee from Venezuela, brought to him his eight-year-old daughter Teresa, whom Gottschalk had already met in Caracas. She fainted when



Gottschalk as seen by a U.S. cartoonist in 1862

he played for her. His artistry and the few lessons he gave her were forever a guiding inspiration. She later honored him by writing *The Gottschalk Waltz*; he, in turn, said in a statement to the Havana press, "Teresa Carreño belongs with the few upon whom Providence has lavished rare favors, and I have not the slightest doubt that she will be one of the greatest artists of our age." Gottschalk had other pupils who were not so exceptional, but they made honorable careers and were his devoted friends. Why, then, could he not settle down comfortably in the United States or in Europe to teach? It is easier to ask such questions than to answer them. When you read his journal, *Notes of a Pianist*, an absorbing chronicle of rapid change in the United States and slow change in Latin America, you wonder whether the current of his life was not directed by an insatiable curiosity about the Western Hemisphere.

Although this delicately reared Creole was unalterably an American, he had spent his entire adolescence in Europe, and was a European by education. He possessed both a native's pride and the cool, appraising eye of a foreigner. To a historian, *Notes of a Pianist* is a valuable source of information concerning mid-nineteenth-century America. To the average reader it is a delight, abounding in expressive turns of phrase, sharp Gallic humor, and the haunting charm of his best piano pieces. He recounted how he could discuss poetry with well-read farmers, an impossibility among backward European peasants. The quick adaptability, enterprise, and lively imagination of Americans impressed him. But at times their naïveté was maddening, as when a farmer pointed

to the grand piano and asked what that big accordion was. Then there was the professor who was writing a paper claiming that Gottschalk could make more than twenty-five percussions a second, refuting another professor who said it could not be done. Gottschalk assured him that he could play Weber's *Perpetual Motion* in less than two minutes. "What would you wish me to have said to this ignoramus?" he cries in his journal. One has the impression, at times, that the journal was a means of preserving his sanity.

U.S. Westerners he characterized by their long beards and loud laughter. Absent-minded German professors with gold-rimmed spectacles he lampooned unmercifully. "Soap is not incompatible with genius, and it is now proved that daily use of a comb does not exercise any injurious influence on the lobes of the brain." However, he was quite fascinated by the rural communities of Pennsylvania Germans, by their "gentle and simple manners" and "patriarchal simplicity."

He took pride in the achievements of Americans—Poe, Longfellow, Clara Louise Kellogg, Church, Bierstadt—and sighed over the lack of traditions in the United States. Most deplorable to him was the U.S. mania for using the dollar as a yardstick for success. Once when he remarked to a friend, "Lamartine is poor," the reply came, "What? And I thought he was so smart!"

He saw evidence everywhere that the mid-nineteenth-century United States was a product of the Reformation. It amused him to watch what he called "the rage of conversion," and the printing of thousands of Bibles to be sent thousands of miles away to thousands of people who could not read them. A Roman Catholic, he feared religious fanaticism of any kind, be it from Rome or from the camp-meeting. He blamed Puritanism for the gloomy Sabbath, and said that to spend Sunday in Cleveland was conducive to suicide.

Gottschalk had always wanted to make a tour of South America. However, he could not resist a contract for concerts in the Far West, and agreed to go there first, with an opera troupe. On April 3, 1865, he sailed for San Francisco from New York. He had already been as far as Madison, Wisconsin, and knew what he was in for. In his own words:

To make a victorious tour of concerts in the West is for an artist to gain his chevrons. . . . It requires an iron constitution and a flinty will to succeed at it. I am tempted to have inscribed at the head of my programmes, "G. has made the tour of the West three times," as the French legions inscribe "Arcole, Marengo, Austerlitz" on their standards.

On board ship, he suddenly felt he did not want to leave. Watching the shores recede, he saw, as in a dream, a green river bank near Elmira, New York, where sunlight dappled through the trees to a group of pretty young ladies unpacking their picnic baskets; fields of snow crust on a brilliant, frosty morning near Chicago; the young lady and her mother he had helped alight from the train, with ceremonious courtesy, while the train sped on without him; the wordless farewell of a soldier to his wife; Aunt Libby, the happy inmate of the insane asylum at Utica who had opened a large umbrella and held it aloft the whole time he had played there.

A few days before landing at San Francisco, a passing ship gave the mingled report of victory and tragedy: Lee had surrendered, Lincoln had been assassinated.

Only a year before, the President and Mrs. Lincoln had attended Gottschalk's concert in Washington. The pianist had lamented the evident inability of his own music to communicate that night with the soul within the tall, gaunt frame. Now, sorrowing passengers and crew held a memorial service. Singers performed *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* with operatic opulence. Gottschalk played his famous *L'Union, Concert Paraphrase on American National Airs*.

San Francisco, where he landed on April 27, was a dusty hilly town, then only twenty years old. But it possessed a hotel that was the equal in luxury and elegance of any Gottschalk had seen, plus "three theatres, two large concert halls, several small ones, . . . and a Chinese theatre." At first he was fascinated by nature's prodigal gifts, but then came the reaction:

California is a humbug. . . . Are the mines, the salmon, the strawberries, etc., a compensation for the thousand and one things wanting . . . in the so-called civilization of the Golden City? The women are not pretty, and they dress as if the whole stock of second-hand clothing shops of Paris had been sent to California.

Music, he said, echoing what Berlioz had told him years before, is the last of all the arts to implant itself, and only takes deep root in old, civilized societies. Although he and the opera troupe had had considerable success in San Francisco, he set out to titillate the public, resorting to a device by no means uncommon then, the grand spectacle. San Francisco was treated to a concert

Photograph of Gottschalk in 1862, when his three-year barnstorming tour of United States began





Advertisement for one of Gottschalk's last spectacular concerts, in Rio de Janeiro just before he died in 1869

given by fourteen pianists. (He had done this sort of thing in Havana, too.) It was such a hit that he announced a repeat performance, but at the last minute one of the pianists became ill. The proprietor of the hall proudly introduced his son, who straightaway demonstrated his pianistic prowess—to the utter delight of his father and the utter horror of Gottschalk. He could not refuse the services of a son of a prominent citizen, yet he knew that diplomacy could lead to artistic outrage.

Gottschalk's piano tuner then came forth with a great idea. Just before the concert, he would, by an adjustment of the mechanism, render that particular piano mute. The concert began. The fourteen pianists pounded through the "March" from *Tannhäuser* and were rewarded with frantic applause. It had to be repeated. Just before recommencing, the substitute pianist, flushed with success, ran his fingers over the keyboard for the benefit of his friends in the audience. To fill the awesome silence, Gottschalk hurriedly gave the downbeat.

This "spectacular" marked the beginning of the end for Gottschalk, but he was too busy being lionized by San Francisco society to notice. An interim eleven-day tour of mining towns in the Nevada territory only increased his appreciation of San Francisco. His popularity there reached a climax on August 25, his fete day, when at a banquet he was presented with a gold-and-quartz medal, encrusted with diamonds and rubies, nine inches in circumference. Yet twenty-four days later he was

obliged to flee the city, embarking in the dead of night like a hunted criminal. What had happened? He had dared to defy the local manager, Tom Maguire, on a matter concerning the thirty pianos needed for another grand concert. In retaliation, Maguire, a powerful millionaire of dubious reputation, seized on a trivial incident involving the pianist with two young women and forced all but two of the local papers to print ugly headlines, which were repeated throughout the country.

Gottschalk then began his four-year journey around South America. Seasickness kept him virtually a prisoner in his hot, stuffy cabin. More than once during the melancholy voyage he must have reflected on the turn his career had taken. Months before, at Acapulco, Mexico, on the way to California, his pleasure on meeting an aged compatriot from New Orleans had been tempered when the old man asked impatiently, "What ever became of that little prodigy Gottschalk who promised marvelous things and whose father sent him to Europe in hopes of making a great musician of him? Nobody has heard anything said about him." Gottschalk informed him that "without having precisely realized the expectations of his countrymen, he had notwithstanding continued to work at music."

He had not realized his own expectations either. As a boy he had conquered most of Europe, but now the contemporaries of his youth—Offenbach, St. Saëns, Bizet—had far outstripped him. At Panama City, where he landed on October 1, scenes of utter squalor greeted him, and he had to play on a piano he described as "the product of an illicit union between a jew's harp and a large kettle." A sense of failure enveloped him.

Still, when his ship neared Callao, the port of Lima, his pulse quickened at the prospect of conquering an ancient stronghold of Hispanic culture. After ten days he did just that, and with distinction. But his pleasure was marred by the civil war that was then raging in Lima. From behind half-closed shutters he watched the dead pile up in the bloodied streets, and recorded the city's agony in his journal with a vividness suggesting Goya's *Desastres de la Guerra*.

At Tacna, Peru, he accepted with some trepidation a cup of tea from a cheery old woman who long years before had borne Bolivar a daughter. When the girl had grown to rival her mother's beauty, she had mysteriously sickened and died. According to local gossip, the mother had been jealous of her husband's attentions to his stepdaughter.

At Copiapó, in northern Chile, he assisted at the lonely burial of a Frenchman. A chill of horror and perhaps of premonition went through him. It was terrible to die alone in South America. It was perhaps not even so pleasant to live there, he felt. Gottschalk did not take kindly to countries that were republics in name only, and his dissatisfaction with them led to friendship and collaboration with Latin American liberals, such as the great Uruguayan educator José Pedro Varela. Perhaps, too, his comments were colored by his personal feelings at the time. However, as he rounded the tip of the continent his spirits were lifting. Friends in the United

States were clearing his name. It is doubtful whether a letter from a former mistress informing him of the death of their young son had much effect on him. In Buenos Aires he enjoyed great success just after an outbreak of cholera had subsided, and in Montevideo he was much appreciated despite the alarming depredations of an outlaw, Fortunato.

On May 10, 1869, he arrived in Rio de Janeiro. This beautiful city received Gottschalk with immense enthusiasm. The Emperor and Empress were pleased to receive "the author of so many charming compositions with which they had so long been familiar." Dom Pedro conversed with him for hours on "politics, travels, the United States, spiritualism, the music of the future, Offenbach's operettes, fine arts, manners and customs." Again, "His Majesty wishing to have some details on the Mormons, I was enabled to satisfy him completely as I had just read Dixon's *New America*."

Louis Moreau Gottschalk had come full circle. At the close of his career he was again what he had been at its outset: the most effective kind of envoy the United States could possibly have (few ambassadors could know their own countries as well as Gottschalk now knew his). Though weakened by an attack of yellow fever, he undertook to direct a series of mammoth concerts. On November 26, he fainted on stage, a victim of appendicitis. He died at Tijuca, a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, on December 18, 1869.

He was only forty, full of plans for the future. But he was spared France's defeat of 1870, and he was spared the inevitable decline of his own popularity. Gottschalk modestly concludes the preface to his journal with this plea to the reader: "Let him remember that I was but a musician, and only a pianist!" Yet he congratulated himself on being the first American concert pianist, and he believed he had refined American taste with his sentimental pieces. He defended his policy on tour of playing them almost to the exclusion of the classics. The vogue for the sentimental and trivial, it should be said, was just as strong in Europe, and Gottschalk's works in this vein are far superior to those of other salon composers of his day.

Today, however, it is not so much the sentimental Gottschalk that we prize as the pioneer in the adaptation of American folk song, the composer of *The Banjo* and *Souvenir de Porto Rico*. We realize, too, that in an entertainment world dominated by minstrel shows, singing families, lectures, grand opera, and the incipient splendor of American symphony orchestras, Gottschalk was one of the few advocates of an intimate form then hardly known even in Europe—the piano recital. His lively, inquiring mind, not content with mere entertainment, had also drawn him to explore the possibilities of musical therapy for the insane. Moreover, he was a devoted son, brother, and friend, faithful to the ideals of democracy, generous to his colleagues and prodigally so to charity. All his life he had been an artist buffeted by circumstance, belonging to a world tripartite: North America, Europe, Latin America. To each he brought all three, to all he gave himself. ♦



A short story by **BLANCA VARELA**

I WOKE UP suddenly, as I always do. The sunlight was streaming in white and hot through the window, telling me that the morning was well advanced and that I had missed part of it. I looked at Nora's bed, tumbled and empty, and I got mad.

We had quarreled the afternoon before, and she had gone without waking me up. From the other rooms I heard the usual noises. Mamma talking loudly, too loudly, with Rosa the cook, and Rosa washing the breakfast plates with such energy that it always seemed a miracle to me when they came out of the dishpan intact.

I decided to put on my blue bathing suit, the most faded in my wardrobe, and I left by the front door so as to avoid the ceremony of a late breakfast.

There was nobody in the street, they were all at the beach. Passing by the post office, which was in the house next door to ours, I saw Tina, the clerk, very white behind her window, all muffled up in her black dress like an old portrait. I did not feel like greeting her and went by quickly, without looking. Tina was our neighbor every summer, and some evenings after dinner Nora and I would go to her house to listen to the player piano.

In a big, gloomy room that smelled damp, we would sit down on tall chairs upholstered in musty velvet of an

m m m e n

Illustration by **FERNANDO DE SZYSZLO**

indeterminate color. Opposite us would sit Tina's parents, an old couple, so old they could hardly talk. They made Nora and me laugh a little, but mamma always told us the sacrifices Tina made to support them, and thinking about that helped us to keep serious and listen quietly to the rolls of Spanish music Tina picked out for us.

When I got to the beach I found Nora sitting with the Patiños. I thought of avoiding the group, but Mrs. Patiño saw me and shouted. There was nothing I could do but go over and sit on the large damp towel between her and Angélica, the oldest and stupidest of her daughters.

Nora must have lost her mind, or else she wanted to wear out my patience. I'd settle with her at home. Now, she smiled kindly and hypocritically as she made ready to go into the water escorted by Red Patiño.

I could not understand why, this morning of all mornings, she had chosen the company of such a vulgar and disagreeable boy, whom we never even said hello to when we passed him on the sea wall.

The beach was full. All the local Puerto Chico families and the summer people like us had taken to meeting every day at the same hour on the narrow, rocky beach where the sea wall was. Puerto Chico was an old fishing cove that had been adopted as a summer resort by a few



middle-class families because it was modest and close to the capital, sharing the village with its regular inhabitants, mostly fishermen who took up nearly the whole beach with their boats, nets, and strings of dried fish, though they never mixed socially with the outsiders.

But Nora and I knew better than anybody that this was not the only beach at Puerto Chico. We knew that if we walked on a little way, behind the village and over the railroad tracks, we would find other beaches, bigger and empty, and it was here, not at the sea-wall beach, where we spent our real vacation.

Still, this morning, thanks to Nora, here we were. Surrounded by fat, fully dressed women yelling at each other; by children playing ball and spattering us with water and sand. How much better it would have been to be off by ourselves on the old wharf, looking from a distance, as if it were a movie, at the crowd sweating and eating fruit under the multicolored umbrellas.

The old wharf was another discovery and, in general and if there was nothing better to do, our refuge every morning. There we would lie for hours under the sun, with our noses fixed to the half-rotten planks, which you could make drawings on with your fingernails. It was a marvelous game to stretch out on our stomachs and trace

the labyrinth of smooth white veins in the timber saturated with water and salt, like a road we would never get to the end of. Below, through the cracks between the planks, we could see the water gleaming in the shadow, incredibly transparent, where the golden jellyfish danced, and below that a shining bed of blue stones and sea urchins, which we explored with our eyes till we got dizzy.

And when we grew tired of our fantastic drawings and underwater explorations, there was the sky. All we had to do was turn over on our backs and look at the clouds, and then we could chase them and give them names. For instance, the Elephant and the Queen were mine. Nora could find what she wanted and give it any name she liked, but the cloud that looked like an elephant with its trunk raised, and the other one that was like a queen in a very full skirt—these I had discovered, and it wasn't my fault if you could find them nearly every day.

It was because of the clouds that we had quarreled yesterday. Nora had taken it into her head to discover a butterfly that frankly I could not recognize as such, and part of the game was that we should agree on the name.

The morning passed like a nightmare. As soon as I went into the water, Red Patiño jumped me and ducked my head several times, and even though I scratched him hard, knowing that in the salt water it would hurt more, I would have had trouble getting away from him if it hadn't been for Nora's help. The truth is, this led me to make up with her, and when we went home for lunch I suggested, as if nothing had happened, that we go to the big beach in the afternoon.

The big beach was much better than the old wharf. In the first place, nobody went there, because its yellow foamy water was dangerous. This we knew perfectly well, and we never did more than get our feet wet when we were picking up shells and colored pebbles. Hopping over the baking sand, we reached the edge and there we stretched out, in the midst of that immense resplendent cemetery full of treasure and putrefaction. Many birds came there to die, on the wild beach, on the bed of smelly algae thrown up ceaselessly by the ocean. Their thin white bones were a shelter for spider crabs, with whom we shared this kingdom. Driftwood, strangely polished by the water, and amber-colored seaweed covered with globular fruit that burst deliciously between our fingers formed a tiny forest, in which the stacked-up bones gleamed like castles—the mansions of our big-bellied friends the spider crabs, whom we sometimes tortured by dropping sandstorms on their homes.

Protecting our heads with our old straw hats, we would half-shut our eyes and look out to sea. There was an island opposite, which was all white during the day and at sunset turned red and seemed to move along the horizon. Closer to shore the seals stuck their dark, shining heads up from the surface and leaped heavily; they shared this area with the dolphins, lighter and harder to distinguish though they came almost all the way out of the water in their masterly jumps.

We would also walk along the beach treasure-hunting.

More than once we had reproduced our beach forest in miniature on the chest of drawers in our room; but our mother did not care for this kind of decoration and would sweep the bones and seaweed into the garbage can as soon as she discovered them.

In complete harmony, Nora and I set off that afternoon for the big beach. It was blazing hot, and we had each supplied ourselves with a good-sized piece of ice, which we sucked as we hopped over the burning ground. To give our martyred feet a rest, we looked for all the shady places, bits of paper, and even moist spots in the earth; but this was part of our daily adventure, and to put on shoes for the trip to our paradise would have seemed absurd, though the trip itself was more like hell.

The last thing in the world we could have imagined at that moment was that our beach had been invaded. From the top of a little dune, we caught sight of a couple reclining on the sand. We stopped, surprised and annoyed, but our instant curiosity was stronger than any other sentiment, and we came slowly forward to some rocks quite near the intruders. The sound of the sea helped us to approach unnoticed, and besides they, the invaders, were too absorbed in their conversation. From our observation post we could not hear what they were saying, but we could clearly make out all their gestures.

The woman was Tina, but an altogether different Tina. She had on the same black dress she wore every day, we had never seen her in another, but she had unfastened her hair, and she was laughing with her head thrown back, with an expression on her face that was new to us. Beside her, lying on the sand, we saw her low-heeled shoes and her black stockings; and below her skirt, a trifle lifted, her bare thick legs, much whiter than her face.

The man was a fisherman from the town. We knew him very well, because mamma always bought her fish from him. He had even taken us out sometimes in his boat. And he had a finger missing on his right hand, something that had always fascinated us.

The presence of Tina on our beach with the fisherman was the most unexpected thing that could have happened, but Tina with her face completely transfigured, her eyes shining and wide open in spite of the glaring sun, and shaking her loose hair like a madwoman was a disturbing sight. It made me think of her parents, the two old people, who surely at this hour were taking a siesta in their wicker armchairs, in the back patio of the post office.

When the man drew nearer to Tina and kissed her on the mouth, hard, Nora and I fled; but we had seen Tina's neck, round and swollen with blue veins, bend as if it were going to snap under the man's dark head.

We literally raced home, and mamma was very much surprised to see us back so early.

Nora and I did not talk about what we had seen that afternoon, and we did not tell anyone. It was part of the secret of our beach, to be kept between the spider crabs and ourselves.

I never knew exactly what Nora thought of the matter, but I do remember that that night, when we went out for our walk along the sea wall, it made me terribly angry to see how she blushed whenever Red Patiño passed us. ♣



Vitalino Pereira dos Santos and his three oldest boys make ceramics a family project

VITALINO'S WORLD IN CLAY

IN CARUARÚ, "the entrance to the hinterland," just four hours west of Recife by car, you will find the biggest weekly market in all Pernambuco State, Brazil. Some ten thousand people converge on the plaza there to buy and sell everything from foodstuffs and secondhand nails to fabrics and dining-room furniture. A corner is reserved for ceramics—utensils, decorative objects, and the already-famous dolls of the region. Here one display draws, and deserves, more attention than the rest: the works of Vitalino Pereira dos Santos.

Vitalino, as he is known to both his neighbors and his customers, is an ordinary-looking man in his late forties, with none of the air of an artist about him. With his wife and six children—Amaro, Manuel, Severino, Antonio, Maria, and the baby Maria José—he lives in a two-room, dirt-floored dwelling some three and a half miles outside Caruarú (he bought the property many years ago but has no deed to prove it).

At home, one room is largely given over to ceramics, and a week's production can make even walking across it pretty much of a problem. Not to mention the neighbors, who are not always satisfied with watching through the window as Vitalino shapes lumps of clay into familiar figures and scenes. The three oldest boys work right along

with their father, though little Severino is more helpful with his child's imagination than with his hands.

In the side yard, Vitalino has built a crude oven of clay, wood, and wire where as many as seventy carefully placed pieces can be fired at a time. Finally, the figurines are painted by hand—literally, for this extraordinary craftsman owns not a single brush. He uses his index finger to apply the oil paint; for details, he resorts to

Vitalino with family in front of two-room house





Since he has no brushes, Vitalino paints with his finger



Crude kiln in which ceramics are fired. Severino is in background

slivers of wood. Glazing is a process he has never learned.

Timid and soft-spoken, Vitalino gains self-assurance when admirers flock around his market stand in the Caruarú plaza. However, he never argues with a potential buyer—"Yes, sir, very well, sir, very well"—as he shows him, say, an outlaw on horseback with a rifle slung over his shoulder, a policeman, a baptismal scene, or a farmer and his ox.

The local people favor Vitalino's works because the subject matter is so varied and, even more, because they depict, simply and eloquently, their own lives. They buy them as decoration for their sometimes-drab houses and as playthings for the children. Outsiders are more inclined to the artistic viewpoint. So it is that these small clay figures, molded by the talented fingers of a simple man who will probably never know material wealth, are just as apt to be found in art collections (one belongs to a connoisseur in Paris) as they are in toy chests.—E.B.K.

Local people especially admire Vitalino's work





In his sculpture, Vitalino likes to portray things that are typical of area in which he lives



Bride and groom wearing characteristic dress



One of Vitalino's early works, now in private collection in Paris

Mother and child in bed





Eisenhower Exchange Fellows with the President. Carlos A. González-Fernández is at far left

A WORD WITH...

CARLOS A. GONZÁLEZ-FERNÁNDEZ, an Argentine labor lawyer, is highly enthusiastic about the Eisenhower Exchange Fellowship program. Established in 1953 by representatives of private enterprise, the Fellowships are completely nonpolitical and independent of educational institutions. They are given to prominent people from all over the free world, with the objective of developing leaders in various fields who will make a positive contribution to international understanding. All expenses of travel and study, either in the United States or (in the case of U.S. Fellows) abroad, are covered by the Fellowships.

As general and legal counsel of many unions and labor organizations, Dr. González-Fernández is concerned not only with their administrative structure and operation but also with their social, political, and economic problems. At the same time, he is in charge of research for the Institute of Comparative Law of the University of Buenos Aires and professor of social law at the School of Trade Unionism. He also writes for Argentine newspapers and magazines. A friendly man, who radiates an abundance of good health and energy, Dr. González-Fernández has traveled extensively throughout the United States since arriving here with his wife in November 1958. Together, they have covered some twenty-eight thousand miles in their Plymouth, taking movies of all the places visited.

"What has been the principal purpose of your visit to

the United States?" I asked him.

"Chiefly to get firsthand knowledge of heavy and light industry, especially their labor set-up and labor-management relations, and to visit unions and labor federations. In this connection, I was invited to visit the AFL-CIO by its president, George Meany. Then, I had a mission to carry out for my country's Law School and Institute of Comparative Law. When I was chosen for an Eisenhower Fellowship, they named me as their representative to the U.S. universities. I was to study the way labor law is taught in the United States and exchange ideas on the subject with other people."

Dr. González-Fernández has successfully accomplished everything he set out to do. Having covered the entire United States, north, south, east, and west, and being particularly interested in social questions, he went on to Mexico to study the problem of the migrant farm workers. He says that his discussions with representative leaders in the fields of politics, industry, labor, and education have been very fruitful and that he has gained a deeper insight into the U.S. way of life and some of this country's problems.

Asked what advantages he expects to derive from his fellowship, Dr. González-Fernández replied that they would be practical ones. For one thing, he plans to organize a course entitled "The Theory and Practice of Labor Unionism in the United States" at the Institute of Comparative Law in Buenos Aires. Afterwards, he will deliver

a series of lectures to Argentine labor unions. And the head of the Pan American Union office in Buenos Aires has also invited him, on behalf of the OAS, to lecture there on his trip.

I asked Dr. González-Fernández about the nature of his work with the Inter-Trade-Union Organization for Workers' Housing. He told me that he was one of the sponsors of this organization, which sprang up in 1956 when the General Confederation of Labor was still under provisional government control. He helped draft its aims: to support every activity that can help solve the vast labor problem, through the training of technical experts, and to give the worker what he needs most—housing. This last does not mean just a roof over his head in a crowded development. Rather, communities should be built with an eye to providing for social needs. They should include such things as clubs, libraries, swimming pools, and other facilities. "Because," Dr. González-Fernández explained, "to strengthen the family is to strengthen the state, and, in turn, to root out totalitarian tendencies."

He added that, in order to alleviate the transportation problem for workers at factories in the center of town, large apartment houses will be built there. Even though the land is expensive, with the cost subdivided among so many occupants the rent is within the worker's financial reach. Dr. González-Fernández does not believe in letting people have their houses for nothing, because that is demagoguery. It is much better, he feels, to give the worker the means of footing the bill himself. These projects, he added, are for office and commercial, as well as

industrial, workers.

"What can you tell me about strikes in Argentina—their causes and their nature?"

"In principle, strikes reflect the efforts of labor to win better living conditions. Unfortunately, during the twelve years of dictatorship in Argentina, the strike was used as a political weapon, and among certain groups, this abuse of the strike still persists. I am confident, though, that the situation will improve, once Argentina begins to live a completely democratic life. In my opinion, the solution of this problem lies in effective democracy within the unions and on a national scale. Legislation should give unions the right to self-government. Laws that put unions under the authority of the state strip them of their character; therefore, I consider our present law undesirable, since it dangerously subordinates the labor movement to government control."

Dr. González-Fernández is a staunch supporter of broad social services by unions and feels that it is not enough for them to offer only hospitals and doctors. Legal aid, libraries, and recreational facilities should also be provided to stimulate the worker's interest in union affairs. The problem, he feels, is not so much one of legislation as of education. In Argentina and in the rest of Latin America, the Pan American Union might attempt to bring labor unions and universities into closer contact with each other, so that each could learn to respect the other and common goals could be established.

In noting the difference between Argentina and the United States in their attitude toward unionism, Dr. González-Fernández made it plain that he approves of the independence from government control that labor enjoys in this country. He also had some comments to make about different methods of teaching labor law as he observed them at Princeton, Washington, California, Wisconsin, and Cornell, among the many universities he visited. Some of these give specialized courses in labor-management relations with excellent results. On the other hand, he feels, the law schools turn out mere case mechanics and not true jurists in the field of labor legislation. Students have no real conception of what constitutes workers' rights; they study an individual case in detail but are left ignorant of its historical background and significance.

Dr. González-Fernández had hoped to complete his full year as an Exchange Fellow, but he has cut short his stay because his wife is expecting her fifth child. The other four children remained in Argentina. He is most appreciative of the attentions he has received from the Departments of State and Labor and from the AFL-CIO, business firms, and universities, where he has given many lectures. And he is enthusiastic about the wealth of experience and information he has acquired, all of which will help him to carry out new programs at home.

As he said goodbye, he remarked:

"The best way for us to get together in the Americas is to encourage the exchange of persons through programs such as the Eisenhower Fellowship plan. This will help us to eradicate misconceptions and to reach a better understanding of each other."—A.S.D.

Dr. González-Fernández at PAU





THROUGH MEXICAN EYES

This month we have departed from our usual procedure of reprinting excerpts of material from several sources. For the experiment, we have selected an article by José Luis Martínez that was in the excellent magazine Universidad de México, published by the National Autonomous University of Mexico:

"If I could travel," people say, "I would naturally rather go to Europe."

The United States is for business and shopping, Cuba for fun, Central America for absolute necessities, Africa and Asia for hunters and guests of Soviet embassies. And South America? Well, South America is for when there is the time and the opportunity. Nonetheless, seeing South America is like scrutinizing what we ourselves might have been, better or worse. Europe can show us our ancestral origins, our models, so to speak; America teaches us to know ourselves.

Last May, as a member of a delegation, I made a quick trip through six South American countries—Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia—plus a short stop-over in Panama. . . . What I saw and learned was undoubtedly far less than what I failed to see and learn, which makes it rather difficult for me to make judicious comments. Reading and the like compensate somewhat for these deficiencies, but not enough for me to venture beyond a few personal impressions. If in Jules Verne's time eighty days were sufficient for going around the world, my thirty in South

America might have been enough for a good traveler—but I am not one.

* * *

The first self-evident fact is that the thirteen South American nations neither form a unit nor share similar, constant characteristics. Actually, there are two South Americas: in one, the large countries of the central and southern region (including Brazil, but with reservations); and in the other, obviously, all the rest. The first area is distinctive for having been settled by Italians and Germans—in addition to the original Spanish and Portuguese colonists, of course—and for having relatively few Indians and mestizos. The second, like Mexico, was colonized almost entirely by Spaniards and has a considerable Indian and mestizo population. The southern nations . . . are lands of wine and meat, of cold climates and fertile expanses. The northern ones, with their contrasting geography, are lands of chicha, pisco, rum, brandy, and uncertain diets—again like Mexico.

* * *

Brazil is a case apart. Though it has some things in common with the other large nations, different elements have been added, in Brazilian proportions. The country has developed mainly along the coast and has yet to integrate or even to know thoroughly a region that is several times the size of Mexico. . . . Brazil can continue to get by, as it has until now, on a succession of one-crop economies, or it can feed the world and become a great power. Petroleum, coal, and iron abound there. But to develop a territory of almost three and a half million

square miles—smaller only than Russia, Canada, and China—with the hugest forests in the world and the largest rivers, with plains and plateaus, with a little of everything, seems an arduous undertaking. However, each day marks another step forward. . . . Brasília, the new capital, is an attempt, typically Brazilian in its daring, to make the country grow in all directions.

As for the human aspect, Brazil has been formed by numerous Indian tribes, by the Portuguese colonists, by Negroes, by Germans (especially in the São Paulo area), and by people from almost all the European nations. Which then might be the characteristic Brazilian racial type? The mixture of Negro and Portuguese, of Negro and Indian, or of Indian and Portuguese? No matter really, provided there is an overtone of rhythmic, nostalgic remoteness . . . , which seems to be common to all the members of the "cosmic race" now brewing there.

In a clever theatrical production in Rio there is a delightfully ironic line . . . : "Brazil, land of the future, soccer ball of the present." And there is a lot of truth in this. Besides working, loving, dancing, talking, and drinking coffee, the Brazilians play soccer and go mad over it. For good reason, the Maracanã Stadium seats almost three times more spectators than our largest stadiums. The Rio beaches, devoid of all safeguards for swimmers, have hundreds of soccer goals where boys practice on make-believe fields. And when a couple cannot attend a match, they walk arm in arm along Copacabana listening to the broadcast

of the game on a portable radio.

Except for soccer, Brazilians approach everything with a lackadaisical air, with none of the Caribbean din but with the same holiday spirit. They go completely wild only at Carnival; meanwhile, they try not to worry too much. Nothing better points up the Brazilians' happy-go-lucky nature than their whimsical names for the days of the week. They do not say Monday, Tuesday, and so on, but *segunda-feira* [second fair], *terça-feira*, until they come to *sexta-feira*, which is Friday. Saturday and Sunday have normal names, since they are holidays anyhow.

* * *

Why don't the Mexicans—especially the women—go walking for pleasure and perhaps in the hope of meeting friends? In Mexico we walk only when there is no vehicle to take us where we want to go. . . . At most, the women walk from one store to another. For us, an outing means squeezing into the metal armor of an automobile. The good old custom of walking, of getting out and seeing each other, still exists in the provinces, where people stroll through the public parks or under the arcades. Actually, Mexico City pays more attention to motorists than to pedestrians. In almost every South American city, on the other hand, one or more tree-lined avenues or side streets are at times closed to vehicular traffic: in Rio, the narrow, colonial Rua do Ouvidor or the brightly lighted Rio Branco and Copacabana avenues; in Buenos Aires, Florida, Santa Fe, and Corrientes; in Santiago, Ahumada; in Lima, the Jirón de la Unión; in Bogotá, Carrera 7a and Carrera 13a; in Montevideo, Avenida 18 de Julio. In all these places, in cold or heat, morning and afternoon, the people meander, chat, argue, and window-shop; and everyone enjoys the democratic privilege of watching the beautiful women go by. . . .

* * *

I have already mentioned the happy lands of wines and the dramatic lands of brandies and chicha. Pisco is a strong grape brandy—which in Chile, Peru, and Ecuador they prefer to tone down with lemon. It bridges the gap between the violence of rum in the tropical countries and the Inca heaviness of chicha.

When it comes to food, the traveler is in for some surprising peculiarities. Just as Mexico is arbitrarily known as the land of chili and tortillas—despite the fact that we sometimes eat other things—Argentina and Uruguay are characterized by their carnivorousness . . . , and no amount of official persuasion can get the people to include in the national diet the excellent seafood that abounds in the countries' waters. In the Montevideo city market a barrel-maker was sitting next to me gravely devouring a huge portion of meat, three or four glasses of wine, bread, and cheese. He even ordered a second serving. No matter how enthusiastic my mind might be, my Mexican stomach could never take it. Chile prefers seafood. In Peru, there are delicious *criollo* dishes whose principal ingredients are corn and shellfish. The people's greatest pride is the *anticucho*—pieces of beef or hog heart skewered on a long reed, broiled, and seasoned with a special sauce.

In Rio, where there are so many surprises for the senses, the traveler's taste will probably be the most satisfied of all, by the flavorful tropical fruits. . . . The Confeitaria Colombo is like our old Dulceria de Celaya, . . . where an evening ritual is made of ice cream, pastries, meat pies, cold and hot drinks. The traveler should probe the dark mystery of the Brazilian girls and of the inevitable umbrellas, of course, but he should let nothing keep him from savoring those exotic fruits. . . .

Almost all over South America, in contrast with Mexico . . . , the people spend a good part of each day eating and drinking. In addition to the three customary meals, there is a morning snack, "the nine-thirties," and a delicious tea at five, which for some unknown reason is usually called "the elevens." Then, too, there is the quick cup of strong coffee, drunk standing up at counters, in a friend's home, or in the office, at all hours and on any and all pretexts.

* * *

A trip to South America makes no sense—those in the know will say—unless you visit . . . the Inca ruins at Machu Picchu and around Cuzco. And quite unintentionally, anyone who follows this advice will end up contrast-

ing the splendor of the Indian past with the misery of the present. You get the same feeling when you fly across the Andes in a small oxygen-equipped plane from the gentle charm of Lima to the Andean plateau of old Cuzco, and from there to the peaks that guarded the pride of the powerful Incas. Lima is quite different in tone from those remote worlds. Lima is the *criollo* life described by Ricardo Palma, full of colonial tastes and aromas, with its slender, luminous baroque—which is so unlike our sober, massive, horizontal baroque—and its carved-wood balconies. . . . Bolivar is present in inscriptions and in beautiful equestrian statues, but the person who really seems to live on is Manuelita Sáenz, who is better understood in Lima than in Quito where she was born. . . . In Lima, a rather modern city built on the vestiges of a colonial city, you still feel the nearness of a Tupac Amaru, of a Bolivar, or of a San Martín. . . .

* * *

Cuzco . . . is half Indian and half colonial. With its eaves and its balconies, its splendid baroque churches and its broad plazas, it is similar to Pátzcuaro or San Cristóbal las Casas. The Indian ingredient is different, but, at least in appearance, not the result. The native picturesqueness is parallel. The motley, colorful market recalls those of Michoacán, Oaxaca, or Chiapas. . . . But in the country there is a svelte character, the llama, and in the mouths of the Indians, a tragic consolation for the hunger and the altitude, coca. . . .

* * *

Across the mountains that surround Cuzco and down the Urubamba River, which descends to the Amazon jungle through a precipitous gorge, there are numerous Inca ruins: terraced farm land; paths along the steep river banks; and fortifications, large and small, that defended the Inca empire from the raids of jungle tribes. Of these fortress-cities, perhaps the most important and undoubtedly the most spectacular is Machu Picchu. . . .

The beauty of Machu Picchu lies not only in its many wondrous, complex structures, nor in its stone forest that is bare of all ornamentation, but principally in its majestic setting. . . . The terraces, for crops and perhaps also

for decorative gardens, surround the ruins of the main palace, . . . the large temple, the observatories, the houses, the tombs, and the many ramps and stairways. . . . All of this is sort of suspended over a deep abyss . . . and enshrouded by mist each evening. Machu Picchu was surely a fortress and a lookout; but, more than that, it was a sacred place of beauty and blessedness, of deep inner quiet. . . .

But . . . the magnificent Inca world has been annihilated forever. Now there are only the Quechua and Aymara Indians, vagabond peoples consumed by misery, though still picturesque and colorful on holidays and during their pilgrimages. But their despair, their poverty, and their grief burst forth at times, as in the famous procession of the Señor de los Temblores. . . . [Luis E. Valcárcel wrote in 1945 in *Ruta Cultural del Perú*] that "some twenty, thirty thousand people, on an evening in March or April, desperately wail accusations at their oppressors. They believe that the Señor, their "little father," will bring them justice and will vent his wrath on the villains. Women, children, old people, and even men weep loudly as the image of the Indian Christ . . . is borne into the temple. For another year the people will contain their suffering . . . , until the Supreme Judge will again listen to the voices of the poor."

* * *

Almost all South America generally thinks of Mexico as the place where *charro* [cowboy] movies and lively or plaintive songs come from. Laments for perjuring women, abject sentimental musings, cowboys' boasts and brags—first sung in the movies—are heard everywhere. The girls are always ready to sing them, cleverly imitating the styles of our star vocalists. The theater-owners who show Mexican films are sure of good business and long lines at the box office. In addition to paying proper attention to other cultural, economic, and political relations, we Mexicans must keep a sharp eye on the content and the quality of this spontaneous dissemination of our culture. Through this medium we could make ourselves better known and circulate our ideas and convictions, instead of just putting out commercial sentiment-

ality or distorted picturesqueness.

In the bookstores of many South American capitals there are volumes published by the Fondo de Cultura. They are well received by university students and intellectuals in general, and what those people read about our culture, they read in these books. Rarely do you see books from other publishers. None of our newspapers and commercial magazines are on the stands, which do indeed stock U.S. publications, and usually some from Cuba, Argentina, and Brazil.

In political and even in certain social circles in South America, Mexico exists as an example of "virile international politics." I heard this expression used by a Uruguayan deputy and by a cab driver in Panama. Mexico is admired for its steadfast, jealous defense of its sovereignty. . . . And the men concerned with the destiny of their countries look upon Mexico as a superb example to follow, mainly because of two decisive acts that resulted from our Revolution: the agrarian reform and the expropriation of oil. . . . In contrast, it is surprising that no one in South America notices or talks about the lesson that Mexico can offer in the Juárez social reform, which has saved us from so many problems and ills and which has, in fact, made our progress possible. . . .

From another angle, the significance of Mexico is clearly divided into two categories. To the large nations of the extreme south and to Brazil, Mexico is only the name of a far-off country. Little or nothing is known about it, and, in any case, it is not considered as having any immediate vital importance. For mestizo South America—the northern countries—Mexico is a living lesson and a tourist attraction as well. Some of these people have visited Mexico City, Acapulco, and Cuernavaca; all have been charmed; and many more want to come.

Leaving the technical aspects of economic, social, and cultural development to the experts . . . , I shall only make a few general observations about Mexico in relation with South America.

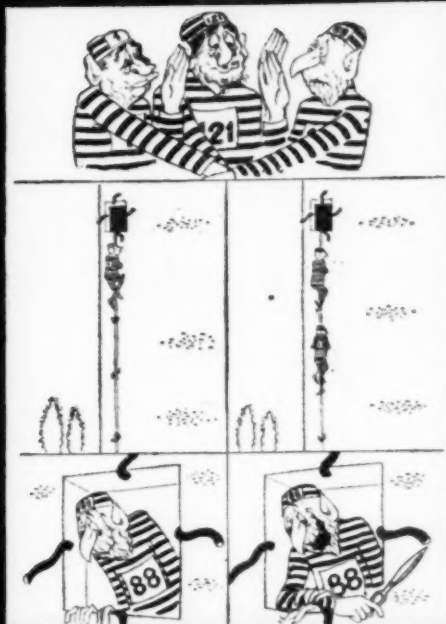
I feel that Mexico is outstanding for having faced and solved . . . certain problems that are inherent in Spanish American life: separation of Church and State, liquidation of mili-

tarism as a political force, agrarian reform, rights of labor, nationalization of the basic resources and public services, constant defense of sovereignty. . . . Without doubt, we still have many social problems. A lot of our people live in poverty. We are quite a way from perfection, to be sure, but our laws and our leaders have definitely put us on the right road. . . . The mestizo is the foundation of our society, and . . . we feel, rationally or sentimentally, united with the Indian, proud defender of his lineage. Cortez brought civilization, but he also conquered and destroyed. There will be no monuments to him in Mexico as there are to Pizarro in other places. Similar impulses and convictions do not seem to prevail generally in South America . . . , but it would be unfair to omit mention of men in every country who are waging a daily battle to eliminate every injustice. . . .

Naturally, there is another side of the coin. In some countries of South America, civic activity has developed to a point that we have not yet reached—as much in the achievements of the political parties as in their proportional representation in the government. . . . Cities like Montevideo and Buenos Aires seem to have a higher standard of living and of education than does Mexico City, where there are acknowledged contrasts that are similar to those in Rio de Janeiro, in Santiago, and, to a lesser degree, in Bogotá. Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, and Colombia top Mexico in literacy, schools and teachers, university population, consumption of newsprint, publication and sale of books. . . . In Colombia, which has more or less the same illiteracy problem that we do, secondary and university training is more easily available. . . .

Another thing is that countries like Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile proudly and voluntarily consume their own products, importing little more than machinery or fuels. We Mexicans, however, most often prefer foreign goods, to the detriment of our national economy. . . . When I asked a woman in Santiago which imported products she missed, she replied: "Only paper handkerchiefs, when I remember that there are such things."

humor negro



por drácula



—Tía Vicenta, Buenos Aires



Claudius' solution for the coffee crisis: conquer new markets.—
Manchete, Rio de Janeiro

Também um moraco
não é tão difícil trocar
uma roda.



"Even without a jack, it's easy to change a tire."—Mundo Melhor,
Rio de Janeiro



—¿Qué, se pinchó?



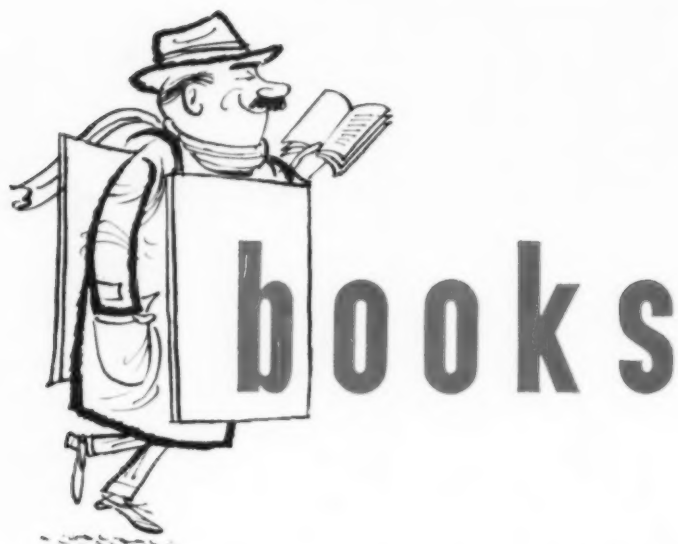
—¿Se quemó la comida?

—Caballeros: ¿Qué pasó?



—¿Cómo te sientas?

"Questions Without Answers," by Silvio, in Bohemia, Havana.—
What's the matter, a flat?—Gentlemen, what happened?—Did you
burn dinner?—How do you feel?



RECENT ARGENTINE LITERATURE

Reviewed by Bernardo Verbitsky

LAURA POR LA VOZ, by Susana Tasca. Buenos Aires, Ediciones Apolo, 1958. 224 p.

Often cited is that phrase of Paul Valéry's in which he says he would never attempt a novel because it would be too difficult for him to write things like "The countess went out at five o'clock." To be sure, if this was all he had to say it's just as well he avoided the novel form. Certainly the vulgarity, the dull recounting of narrative, that he was warning against are not to be found in this highly individual novel by Susana Tasca. For those seeking antecedents to her method, perhaps the most apt is the style of our own Macedonio Fernández, with its metaphysical humor.

The content of *Laura por la Voz* does not lie in the plot and its development but in the substance of each moment, seen through eyes that are prismatic lenses. Its merit is heightened by the fact that it does not enumerate disconnected impressions; quite the contrary, it is extremely coherent. The author's vision is existential or total, always equally intense. In the novel's subtle superimposition of sensations, the spiritual and the physical are interchangeable and blend into each other; these elements that go to make up the human personality, in all its diversity and unity, are reorganized. And the landscape is not a decorative element but is implicit in the structure.

If the occasions were not so rare, I might complain about the author's evident pleasure in certain affectations of vocabulary or phrasing, but in general her unusual focus is adequately served by her language. Some of her metaphors and descriptions are beautiful even when isolated from their context, as with her account of the departure of a truck—an example of authentic virtuosity.

Susana Tasca tears down conventional and obvious reality, but she is not evading or fleeing from it: she builds it up again into a more secret and a truer one.

LOS SIETE LOCOS, by Roberto Arlt. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1958. 272 p.

During his lifetime Roberto Arlt (1900-1942) published almost all his books in cheap editions selling for fifty or sixty centavos, at a period when the average price of a book here was from two and a half to three pesos. Critics of the more solemn sort never took him very seriously. But he was widely read, and his popularity, far from declining since his death, has increased. Young writers reiterate their admiration for him and brandish his name like a banner of rebellion.

The recent republication of Arlt's principal works in Editorial Losada's "Colección Contemporánea," which is more or less devoted to classic or highly esteemed writers and contains few still living, demonstrates the significant evolution of his prestige. Previous inclusions in the series were *El Jorobadito* (The Little Hunchback), a volume of short stories; *El Juguete Rabioso* (The Angry Toy), his



first and perhaps his best novel, written at the age of twenty-three; and *Aguafuertes Porteños* (Buenos Aires Etchings), a selection of the items he wrote over a long period of time for daily publication in a newspaper. Through these aptly named "etchings," which contributed much to his fame, troop many examples of the city's fauna, whom he knew so well. Their style is sprightly, often impudent, and marked by a humor that is sometimes coarse—characteristics that explain their continuing vitality despite the inherently ephemeral nature of the form.

Now the Arlt series has another addition: *Los Siete Locos* (The Seven Madmen, 1929), the novel most representative of his virtues and defects and, above all, of his explosive talent. From the very beginning, from the appearance in the first chapter of the protagonist Erdosain and the three men who accuse him of having swindled them out of six hundred pesos, we are plunged into a world with a climate of its own. Erdosain remains the outstanding example of the genuine *angustiado* (the man in despair over the state of mankind) in Argentine fiction, which is as much as to say that it abounds with fake ones.

Thirty years after its original publication the novel retains its vigor—and affords us some surprises. For example, when it deals with the nausea, the anguish, felt by the protagonist. This was long before Jean-Paul Sartre—not that I have any intention of applying the existentialist label to the author of *Los Siete Locos*. The irresistible world-wide "imperialism" of Dostoevsky's genius has undoubtedly much to do with such coincidences: the chronological order in this case redounds to Arlt's benefit but does not alter the fact that his novels are essentially local in flavor and content.

EL ALBUM DE LOS GRAFODRAMAS, text and drawings by Luis J. Medrano. Buenos Aires, 1959.

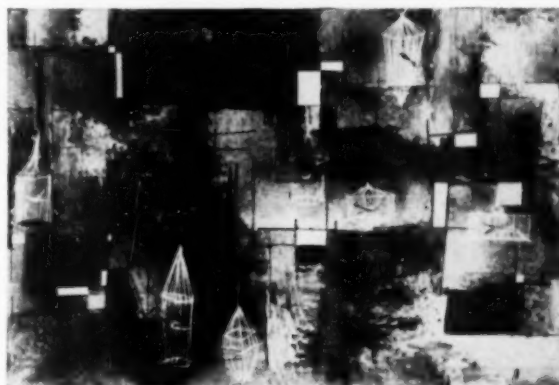
In 1941 the newspaper *La Nación* began to publish Luis J. Medrano's *grafodramas*, a comic feature consisting of a panel drawing with a one-word caption beneath. Not only did Medrano contribute a word to our language; he has also created a new interpretation of Buenos Aires life and performed the feat of being ingenious every day of the year for a total of eighteen. This volume is simply a collection of *grafodramas* already published, including some of his most typical. Though it resembles any ordinary comic book, its intrinsic worth makes it as deserving of the most demanding reader's attention as any volume may well be. To those of us who for a long time have been unable to take pleasure in the day's first cup of coffee or cigarette without our morning *grafodrama*, its excellence comes as no surprise. But it has surprises for us all the same. Because Medrano, besides drawing, also writes.

This adds him to the list of our genre writers—he already was one in spirit. Buenos Aires genre writing of the popular kind follows in the footsteps of Fray Mocho or Félix Lima; its material is reminiscence or evocation, and its tone is often that of farce. Medrano's is closer to

comedy, and it belongs to today in theme and language. I think it worth while to enumerate some of the chapter titles, because they illustrate this modernity: "The German Miracle," "How Do You Turn Your Back?," "Black Money," "Public Relations," and others that allude similarly to the current political or social scene. A thousand strokes show his perceptiveness, which often turns into profundity.

One objection might perhaps be made to Medrano. It is quite true that, as he himself notes, the citizen of Buenos Aires has become "politicalized." But it seems to me that, as an observer, he should not let himself get involved in partisan affairs to the point of passing judgment on trends or ideologies, which visibly diminishes his breadth of focus. But in the end what triumphs is the old Medrano.

I have said that he also writes. He does it very well, as might have been anticipated from his unerring captions. Apart from the fact that he achieves a curious style, in which each paragraph is complemented by an accompanying illustration and in turn amplifies it, so that they are indissolubly linked, all these bits of text reveal the writer's personality. He is a humorist, of course, and his prose contains the consequent surprises, but his satiric effectiveness also contains a quality of human sympathy that is implicit in the best examples of what is, more than a literary genre, a position toward life and people.



AL PIE DE LA CIUDAD, by Manuel Mejía Vallejo. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1958, 172 p.

The same jury that awarded the 1958 Losada Prize to Cecilio Benítez de Castro's *La Iluminada* (see AMÉRICAS, May 1959) also recommended the publication of several other novels, among them this one by a Colombian writer. This notable treatment of the sub-world that boils "at the foot of the city" quickly awakens the reader's interest. The cave-and-cabin district of Los Barrancos is not exactly like the typical shantytown here, which is a product of provincial people swarming to the city to work in the new factories; it is more like the Villa Desocupación (Unemployment Town) of twenty-five years ago, or the innumerable settlements that have always grown up on the fringes of cities in the interior. But the Gorkian underdog is still to be found in all latitudes, and the creature who drags through life on

the outskirts of Bogotá—the author does not name it, but we may assume he was referring to the capital of his country—resembles the man deprived of the privileges of humanity anywhere in the world. This capacity of Mejía Vallejo's to universalize types he has unquestionably known at first hand is one of his many merits. Previously unknown in Argentina, he reveals himself, indeed, to be an excellent writer, creating intensely alive characters in an unforgettable setting.

This history of a long agony is not a document along naturalistic lines. Its author demonstrates once again that it takes imagination to see reality. Whether all this actually happened or not, it seems as real as reality itself—or as a symbol of reality. There is a bitter lyricism in Mejía Vallejo's language and, more than that, in his vision. He is a witness, but not an indifferent witness. There is something of imprecation, of anathema, in his portraits, many of which probe the individual to the bottom. The author does not shrink from violence or cruelty but neither does he exploit them, and he achieves a piercing tenderness whose light justifies so much shadow. His vigor—culminating in the cemetery scene, which a less sure instinct could have turned into an abysmal failure—is complemented by psychological insight. This is the real touchstone of a novelist, and suggests that many good things may be expected of Mejía Vallejo. The jury made no mistake in recommending this novel, although its deserts exceed the distinction—of all the entries thus far published, it is the one most worthy of the Losada Prize.

LA OTRA MEJILLA, by Mundin Schaffter. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, 1958.

It will come as a surprise to many people to learn that "Mundin Schaffter," whose novel *La Otra Mejilla* (The Other Cheek) was also recommended by the Losada jury, is a pseudonym for the well-known Argentine film actor Carlos Thompson. He has been out of the country for several years, and no one even knew that his manuscript had been submitted by the two friends with whom he had left it six years earlier. This history has nothing to do with the novel's merits, but it does permit us to deduce that the author was twenty-eight years old when he wrote it.

Earlier, in an uneven but vigorous volume of short stories titled *Todo Es Dios* (All Is God), Mundin Schaffter had shown a temperament and a skill worthy of being taken seriously. He now confirms these qualities in a more consistent fashion. It may be said, however, that this book is better in conception than in execution, which leads to what might be considered its eventual failure. The ending cannot be regarded as very logical, and in default of logic it has nothing else to make it convincing.

Schaffter employs a violent imagination served by an extreme capacity for lyricism. Unlike many writers who manage to make even reality seem thin and unbelievable, he is able to draw the reader into his world of fantasy. His characters are well drawn, his situations absorbing.

What is not clear is the meaning he applies to this appearance of the Holy Family in the Argentine country-

side. One feels the suggestion—or is it an expectation that is never satisfied?—of these three characters, Mary, Joseph, and the child, but the possibilities of the new Advent are never adequately interpreted. At times the story of the doctor and the girl who loves him devours everything else by its very drama. And here, as in the case of the priest Frasquito, reality—and crude reality—is combined with the fantasy. Moreover, as I have said, on reaching the denouement the author bungles and disappoints. It is unconvincing to resort to sending Silva—who is a foolish person and what is worse a foolish character—with the insane boy, whose history is childish in itself. And it is incomprehensible why, when the doctor attains a love from which he has been fleeing, his supernatural friends abandon him in a gesture of rebuke.

Despite these objections, *La Otra Mejilla* reveals a powerful personality with acute intuitions on life, death, and people—qualities that make the author recognizable as an artist.



Woodcuts on these pages by Antonio Frasconi of Uruguay. From book *Birds from My Homeland*, with notes taken from W. H. Hudson

COPLAS Y CANCIONES, by Jaime Dávalos. Buenos Aires, Edición de Francisco Colombo, 1959. 140 p.

Set to music by popular composers, two of Jaime Dávalos' poems have become extremely well known—one of those infrequent cases in which the verses of a good poet have really been sung by the people. Now, reading his book *Coplas y Canciones* (Ballads and Songs), one realizes how false it is to make distinctions between "cultivated" and "popular" poetry.

Under certain conditions quantity is also a form of quality and Dávalos' facility is simply prodigious. He has the right to adopt as his own those lines of José Hernández's in which the poet says that verses gush from him like water from a spring. After finishing these 140 compact pages one has an image of the poet as a sort of plant, putting forth multiple branches and endless blossoms. His verses are unstrained, graceful, mature, ebullient in their joy, poignant in their sadness, for he expresses himself in every mood.

The sentimental theme is often repeated but does not predominate—fortunately, because in my opinion this is the weakest and most conventional part. But there are also the landscape, work, poverty, dignity, and rebellion. Though space is limited, I cannot resist the temptation to give a few examples:

*Pasa los tiempos rodando
como semilla la copla,
dauelando y dauelando
su gusto de boca en boca.*

*Soy aire que vuelve al aire
mi boca es flor de mis venas,
y verdes siento los huesos
cuando oigo ulular las quenás.*

*¡Late la sangre en mi oído!
¡Las coplas me van brotando!
Por la raíz de mis huesos
mi abuelo sube cantando.*

The ballad passes the time
Being tossed about like a seed,
Distributing and distributing
Its taste from mouth to mouth.

I am air returning to air
My mouth is the flower of my veins,
And my bones feel green
When I hear the quena flutes wail.

The blood beats in my ear!
The verses pour from me!
Through the root of my bones
My grandfather comes up singing.

In some of the verses there is a *criollo* audacity of speech that amounts almost to impudence but is so entirely justified that no one could say it is mere vainglory. And look at these charming lines:

*¡La flor del maíz!
Sobre los choclos
queriéndose abrir.*

The corn blossom!
On the green ears
Wanting to open.

Or at this other beautiful composition:

*¡Anda la luna en los montes!
¡Corzuela blanca siguiéndome!
Porque en el filo del hacha,
la muerte del árbol le doy a
beber.*

The moon walks in the forest
White deer following me!
Because from the edge of my axe
I'm going to let it taste of
the tree's death.

There is also a note of human solidarity:

*¡Quebrachito desollado!
¡Quebrachito taninero!
¡Que flacos están los indios!
¡Que gordos los obreros!*

Back-breaking little quebracho!
Tannin-producing little quebracho!
How thin are the Indians!
How fat the overseers!

But it is not fair to take these quotations in isolation; considered as a whole, the poems become remarkable for the "native" quality of their language, the pristine Spanish that has been preserved in Dávalos' province of Salta. Through the verses of this inexhaustible balladeer runs all the musical genius of the people to whom he belongs and whom he leads.

INDIO DE CARGA, by Nestor Groppa. Jujuy, Ediciones Tarja, 1958. Illus.

Nestor Groppa, a poet from the province of Jujuy, which borders Dávalos' Salta, is a member of the literary group that publishes the magazine *Tarja*. In *Indio de Carga* (Pack Indian), he speaks to us of the land and people who work it and dig it, the local farmers and the Bolivians who come down from the plateau. When he says of the land

*Separándola del hombre
no la comprenderemos nunca*

Separating it from man
We shall never understand it

he is not only describing a reality but also expounding his inmost idea. As he recognizes in his opening poem, human destiny and the land are linked, the former is bondage to the latter—though he would unquestionably like to invert these terms. Later he says:

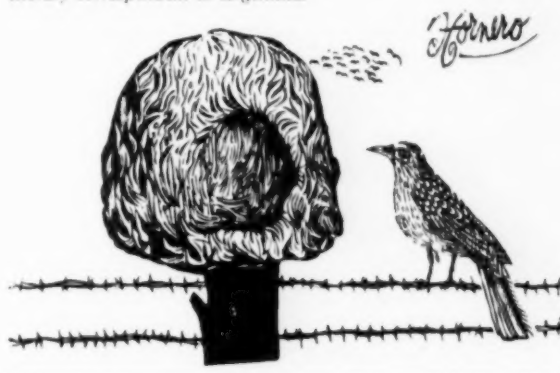
*Indios agricultores
eran estampados en la geología*

Indian farmers
Were stamped in geology.

But Groppa does not limit himself to description. He is attuned to all the suffering of a people with whose

destiny he allies himself. Avoiding sensationalism, he expresses himself with dignity, with grave naturalness; his style is simple but vigorous. At the same time, without stridency and without shutting his eyes and his soul to sadness, he does not despair of the future. He believes in it and, like every sincere and authentic poet, in some manner anticipates it in his poems. *Indio de Carga* is enhanced by illustrations by Audivert, Policastro, Castagnino, Medardo Pantoja, Pelegrini, and Onofrio. It is infrequent that so well-put-together a book arrives from the provinces.

Bernardo Verbitsky, well-known novelist, is AMÉRICAS' regular literary correspondent in Argentina.



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ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

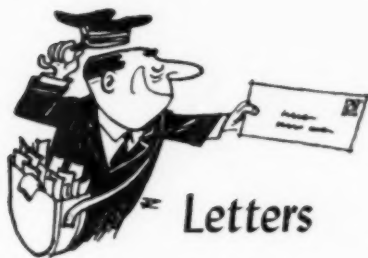
1. Stood up. 2. Is penniless. 3. To look for trouble. 4. To be in jail. 5. Died. 6. To be unjustly blamed. 7. To be a moocher. 8. Much Ado About Nothing. 9. Do you want to make a little extra money on the side? 10. Is a person of influence. 11. Been a wallflower. 12. To fall into a trap. 13. Blushing. 14. I wouldn't do it—not for all the tea in China. 15. Out of place. 16. To have someone where you want him. 17. Reluctantly. 18. To make jealous. 19. Picked up the check. 20. Indicating that nothing happened one way or another. 21. That you ran away.

WHAT ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS SAYING?

Answers on page 41

Since the quiz in our August issue brought such popular reaction, we are going to test you again on your knowledge of colloquialisms:

1. If one Costa Rican tells another that "*se quedó viendo para el ciprés* [he was left looking toward the cypress]," was he lost, confused, or stood up?
2. When a Cuban says "*No tengo ni un kilo* [I don't have a single kilo]," does he mean that he has lost weight, is penniless, or is in very bad health?
3. In Ecuador, does "*buscar chivo* [to look for the goat]" mean to look for trouble, to start a fight, or to get drunk?
4. Does the Mexican expression "*estar en el bote* [to be on the boat]" mean to be ready to go fishing, to have become rich, or to be in jail?
5. If you hear a Nicaraguan say that someone "*peló el ajo* [peeled garlic]," does it mean that he was cooking, drank too much, or died?
6. Does the well-known Spanish expression "*cargar con el muerto* [to be stuck with the corpse]" mean to have one foot in the grave, to get oneself into a predicament, or to be unjustly blamed?
7. "*Comer de arriba* [to eat from above]" is an expression used in several South American countries. Does it mean to be above reproach, to put on airs, or to be a moocher?
8. The meaning of the Venezuelan saying "*más es la bulla que la cabuya* [there is more noise than string]" can be found in the title of a Shakespeare play. Which one?
9. When a Panamanian asks "*¿Quieres ganarte un camarón?* [Do you want to earn a shrimp?]," what does he mean?
10. If a Honduran tells you that his friend has "*golilla* [a ruff]," does he mean that he is wearing a collar, gets angry easily, or is a person of influence?
11. In Central America, if a girl "*comió pavo* [ate turkey]," has she had a good dinner, danced all evening, or been a wallflower?
12. Does the Argentine expression "*pisar el palito* [to step on the stick]" mean to fall into a trap, to play up to someone, or to ignore things?
13. When an Ecuadorian says that he is "*empavado*," he means that he is out of sorts; if a Peruvian says the same thing, is he furious, blushing, or sleepy?
14. "*No lo haría por un Perú* [I wouldn't do it—not even for Perú]" is a phrase used in Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay. What is the equivalent expression in English?
15. What does a Salvadorian mean when he says he feels "*como pollo comprado* [like bought chicken]?"
16. "*Tenerlo en salmuera* [to have in brine]" is another Spanish phrase widely used in Latin America. Does it mean to keep a thing well-preserved, to leave it in the cold, or to have someone where you want him?
17. The word "*bronca*" means quarrel, but in Argentina and Paraguay "*con bronca*" has a different meaning. Is it reluctantly, resolutely, or violently?
18. "*Dar calabazas*" is usually to jilt, but it means something else in certain parts of Central America. Is it to treat like a bumpkin, to put the bite on, or to make jealous?
19. In most Latin American countries, "*rajarse*" means to back out, but if a Panamanian tells you that his friend "*se rajó*" is he saying that he picked up the check, felt out of place, or played hard to get?
20. If a Paraguayan tells you "*La cosa quedó en agua de borrajas* [The thing was left in borage water]," is he referring to a beverage, indicating that nothing happened one way or another, or saying that the situation is unbearable?
21. When a Mexican says "*Usted peló el gallo* [You plucked the rooster]," what does he mean?



Letters

INTERNATIONAL COINCIDENCE

Dear Sirs:

On the inside front cover of your [May English] issue you published an ink drawing entitled *Funeral of a Dictator*, by José Luis Cuevas, who is, I believe, a Mexican. Leafing through back numbers of the Ecuadorian magazine *Vistazo*, I found a very rare and ancient photograph of the funeral of the tyrant García Moreno, the strange personality who ruled Ecuador at the end of the last century. The Cuevas work is similar, although AMÉRICAS' caption does not indicate whether it deals with García Moreno. Since the artist is not an Ecuadorian and I do not believe our magazine is read in Mexico, I am wondering whether there is any connection and how the painter Cuevas explains his work.

Maruja Treviño Ycaza
Guayaquil, Ecuador

Cuevas explains this work as follows:

Actually, an Ecuadorian friend showed me the issue of *Vistazo* with the photograph of García Moreno's funeral in 1875. I saw it as something monstrous, an act, indeed, of "Black Spain" in America. I began to work on the theme, and the sketch in gouache that appeared in AMÉRICAS represents the most objective aspect of the series "Funeral of a Dictator." Afterward I tried to include all possible aspects of that idea: torture, sham, informers, subordinates, cringers, mourners, and so on. With that abominable funeral I wished to condemn all dictatorships of all times as the most intolerable indignity human beings can stoop to. I have included examples from that series in recent exhibitions in Lima, Buenos Aires, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Washington, and in the Fifth Biennial now going on in São Paulo, Brazil.



After García Moreno's assassination his embalmed body, in the uniform of a general-in-chief, was displayed propped up in the presidential chair at Quito Cathedral. *Vistazo* editors found this rare photograph in the Municipal Museum.

GOLD AND BOYS

Dear Sirs:

I think your magazine is doing a very good job in promoting better relations with our southern neighbors. I have recently become interested in the lumber business and during the past two years have made two trips to Honduras. We now have a large mill at Talanga, Honduras. On neither trip did I hear of the school started by Mr. Brosius described in your April issue by Thomas J. Acheson in the article "Gold and Boys."

Perhaps others will feel as I do that this school should continue. Certainly we will all agree that education is sadly lacking in most parts of the country. Is there any way in which we could make donations to this school?

D. Sergeant Pepper
Hartford, Connecticut

The school is still struggling along, but the author of the article answered this query as follows:

It is most gratifying to learn of Dr. Pepper's generous suggestion, but I think that before any contributions could be accepted for this worthy cause an adequate trust agency would have to be set up to administer such funds. The last letter I received from Miss Rowell, administratrix of the school, indicated she had just about "hoisted a white flag" on the project and despaired of carrying on, because of insufficient resources and so on.

I am planning a trip to Honduras in the fall, and while there will attempt to analyze the whole situation regarding the school. Visiting Minas de Oro, I shall doubtless pass through Talanga, where Dr. Pepper has his lumber project. Perhaps luck will favor my finding him there and having a brief talk with him. If anything further develops, I'll pass it along. Many people have written me expressing appreciation of the article in AMÉRICAS.

Thomas J. Acheson
Larkspur, California

LITERARY CONTEST

Dear Sirs:

Your readers might be interested in knowing about the literary contest being conducted by *Life en Español* to give recognition to deserving Spanish American authors and to encourage them to continue trying to improve the quality of their work. Contestants must be permanent residents or citizens of one of the twenty Latin American countries or Puerto Rico.

We are offering a total of \$10,000 in prizes: three prizes of \$5,000, \$2,000, and \$1,000, respectively, and eight honorable-mention awards of \$250 each. Entries, which must be received by March 15, 1960, are limited to short stories and novelettes, must be in Spanish, and may not exceed twenty thousand words. They should be addressed to Concurso Literario, *Life en Español*, Time and Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York. The results of the contest will be decided by a panel of five judges whose names will be announced later.

E. W. H. Lumsden
Time-Life International
New York, New York

MOVE THE PAU?

Dear Sirs:

It is with deep regret that I have heard and read that [some] Latin American countries feel that the OAS is too much dominated by the United States. But I am inclined to believe that, more than for any other reason, this is partly due to the location of its headquarters . . . in Washington, where the influence of the U.S. Government is so strongly felt. . . . I would like to make a suggestion that might help to solve . . . the problem. First, the OAS should not be located in the capital city of any of its member countries. I also have the feeling that it should be in a completely neutral territory, set aside as an international zone . . . somewhere on the border between the United States and Mexico. This would be a neutral enclave between the English- and Spanish-speaking areas of the Americas, where it would be possible to establish a Pan American Court, a Pan American University, and the like, which, together with the Organization, could handle all inter-American affairs. Under such conditions . . . a start toward real Pan American unity could be made.

Gerald Fitzgerald
Burbank, California

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in purchasing some maté, the South American beverage often mentioned in your magazine. I understand there are different varieties, and naturally I would like to buy the best grade as well as the accessories to drink it. Do you know of any concern selling it in New York or Boston?

Harold E. Lefebvre
49 Hancock Street
Boston 14, Massachusetts

Dear Sirs:

The drinking vessel shown in the quiz "Know Your Paraguayan Neighbors?" in the April issue (the bombilla and gourd used to drink maté) is very attractive. Can you tell me whether it is possible to purchase these?

Henry N. Andrews
Professor of Botany
The Henry Shaw School of Botany
Washington University
St. Louis 5, Missouri

The gourds and bombillas are sold by Spanish stores in the larger U.S. cities; maté itself is available at most grocery stores of the "gourmet" type.

BOUQUETS

Dear Sirs:

I would like to offer my most sincere congratulations for the material in your magazine. I greatly enjoyed the article "A Catholic Looks at Our World," by Alceu Amoroso Lima, in the March anniversary issue, and the short stories "Letters from Mamma," by Julio Cortázar, and "Father Image," by Virgilio Alejandro Díaz, in the January and April issues.

Claudio A. Faccio
Martínez, Buenos Aires Province
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on another excellent issue (August) of AMÉRICAS. I find the articles interesting and always in good taste. I sub-

scribe to the Spanish edition . . . and have found the features written about the twenty-one American countries very informative. . . .

Ronnie Pruett
Mount Airy, North Carolina

Dear Sirs:

I have been getting AMÉRICAS for six months now and appreciate this opportunity to learn about the other American countries. If any of your readers are in the nursing profession, I would like very much to correspond with them.

Ruth Bishop
1242 Garner Avenue
Schenectady 9, New York

Dear Sirs:

As a faithful reader of AMÉRICAS, allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations. I find it interesting in every sense.

José H. Mercedes Taboas
Buenos Aires, Argentina

FOR LETTER-WRITERS

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent magazine. I enjoy reading it very much and feel that the articles it carries are of superior quality. I especially like to read the "Letters" page, and I might add that I have written to several of your correspondents and as of this time every one of them has replied. I notice, however, that there is a long list of names in each month's "Mail Bag" section. I assume that each of the students listed receives replies from persons of the same general interests, but in the event they do not I believe that I am in a position to help some of them. I am a teacher in the social-science department of a high school, and a great number of my students of past years have taken up correspondence with students in foreign countries. I provided the names of these foreign students, and I can help more of these foreign students who desire to correspond in English with students in the United States. Those interested should write to me, and I shall be glad to forward their names on to students in my classes who have a desire to write them.

John A. Stegall
Sandy Hook, Kentucky

PRIZE WINNER

Dear Sirs:

It might be of interest to you that my article "Cléobert's Farm" (November 1958) took first place honors in the Colorado Press Women's contests for "Feature Article in a Magazine," and "Feature Picture in a Magazine." They are at the moment representing Colorado in the annual contests of the National Federation of Press Women in Oregon.

Marcia Gregg
Littleton, Colorado

Our congratulations. READERS' REQUESTS

Dear Sirs:

I am adding my hope that the editors will some day print an article on the many excellent health resorts that can be found in Mexico and other Latin American countries. . . .

J. O. Jameton
Pharr, Texas

Dear Sirs:

As an assiduous reader of your publication, I congratulate you for the excellent contribu-

tion you are making to inter-American friendship—even though, as a Colombian, I would prefer to see more articles on my country. I particularly enjoy the diversity of writers. In my opinion, the editorial presentation is the best of its kind.

Frank Zuluaga S.
Medellín, Colombia

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am very fond of the music of the OAS nations—the harp music of the Paraguayans being my special favorite. I also find the renditions of primitive music of the

Elizabeth Waldo group particularly exciting. . . . I hope that AMÉRICAS will occasionally print articles about flowers and plant life, which also interest me.

G. Frederic Kalz
Santa Monica, California

ERRATUM

Unfortunately, in last month's AMÉRICAS the reply to Mr. Leland J. Mast—who wanted to know where to obtain a few of the relics mentioned in the article "Forgotten Treasure," in the May issue—was inadvertently omitted. We have been informed that Folklore, Avenida Colón 260, Quito, Ecuador, stocks a good collection of pieces from the excavations in Manabí and Esmeraldas provinces, Ecuador.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Daniel Malamud (E.S.F)—C Avenida Entre Rios 251 Buenos Aires, Argentina	Alberto E. Losada (S.F)—H Sarandí del Yi Durazno, Uruguay	Liliana Diaz R. (E.S)—H Talcahuano 430 San Fernando, Chile
Laetrio Aylon Bailly (E.S.P)—C Rua Cavalheiro Petraglia 164 Franca, SP, Brazil	José Martí Sanja (E.S.F, Catalanian, Esperanto) Avenida Agraciada 3558, Apto. 10 Montevideo, Uruguay	Gloria Drogo (E.S)—H Turumán 3578 Rosario, Pcia. de Santa Fe Argentina
João Bezerra da Silva (E.P.F, German-Latin)—C Praça da Matriz 70 São Paulo do Potengi, RN, Brazil	Luis Fernando Castagnino Abadie (E.S)—C Cerro Corá 409 Asunción, Paraguay	Vilma Bisso (E.S)—H Calle Tres No. 78 Barrio Arenas Rosario, Pcia. de Santa Fe Argentina
Ramón Galli (S.F)—H 121 No. 1824 La Plata, Argentina	Héctor E. Zapata R. (E.S) Apartado Aéreo 154 Quibdó, Colombia	Vol Powell (E.S)*—C 1925 S.W. 4th Street Miami 35, Florida
Carmen Luz Castellón (E.S.F) Román Díaz 120 Santiago, Chile	Norberto C. Sarubinsky (E.S)—C Londres 4380 Buenos Aires, Argentina	Ronnie Pruett (E.S)—C 208 East Lebanon Street Mount Airy, North Carolina
Gilda Beatriz Harrison (E.S) 14 de Mayo 270 Asunción, Paraguay	Themis Condraz (E.S)—C Avenida Mitre No. 730 Rafaela, Pcia. de Santa Fe Argentina	Raúl Pons (E.S.P)* Box 158 Maracaibo, Venezuela
Oscar M. Bonavía (E.S.F, Italian) General Roca, Pcia. de Córdoba Argentina	Lucía Marinich (E.S)—C 9 de Julio 2558 Santa Fe, Argentina	Héctor E. Zapata R. (E.S) Carrera 1a, No. 3 38 Quibdó, Colombia
Graciela Salvatierra (E.S)—H Ovidio Lagos 573, Sto. A Rosario, Santa Fe, Argentina	Susana López Orsolini (S.F)—C O. Leguizamón 245 C. del Uruguay Entre Rios, Argentina	Silvia Vercelli (E.S.P, Italian)—C Correa, Pcia. de Santa Fe, Argentina
Nancy P. Ghent (E.F) P.O. Box 104 Rock Hill, South Carolina	Juan Carlos Mendiando (E.S.P.F)* Pueyrredón 839 Cathue, Pcia. de Buenos Aires Argentina	Malisa Alessio (E.S.P.)—C Correa, Pcia. de Santa Fe, Argentina
Alberto B. Peixoto (E.S.P.F, Latin)* Rua Marquês do Paranaguá 227 São Paulo, SP, Brazil	Lola M. Liguiriaga (S.P)—C San Martín 873 Santo Tomé, Pcia. de Corrientes Argentina	Mabel de León Almandos (E.S.F)—C Carlos Restes 774 San Carlos, Maldonado, Uruguay
Dorothy L. Grigby (E.S)* 2707 J Street Sacramento 16, California	Claudio A. Facio (E.S, Italian)—C Martínez 324 Martínez, Pcia. de Buenos Aires Argentina	Erma Deus (E.S)—C San Martín 1533 Firmat, Pcia. de Santa Fe, Argentina
Antonio de la Vega (E.S)—C 70 Park Terrace East New York 34, New York	Maria del Carmen Miguez (E.S.F)—H Ambrosio Artusi 665 Concepción del Uruguay, Pcia. de Entre Rios, Argentina	Brunilda Fischer (E.S, German)—C Sora 672 Las Piedras, Canelones, Uruguay
George G. Stoffel (E.S.F, German, Italian)* 5247 W. 24th Street Cicero, Chicago, Illinois	Ana María Osorio R. (E.S)—H Carampangue 748 San Fernando, Chile	Máximo E. Caffaschi (E.S.P.F, Italian) Cailla 355 La Paz, Bolivia
Sarella Henríquez Orbeta (E.S.P.F, Italian)—H Arlegui 312 Viña del Mar, Chile	Leticia Anaya T. (E.S)*—H Chillán 291 San Fernando, Chile	Fernando García Tamayo (E.S.P.F)*—C Apartado 197 Maracaibo, Venezuela
Carolina Henríquez Orbeta (E.S.P.F, Italian)—H Arlegui 312 Viña del Mar, Chile		

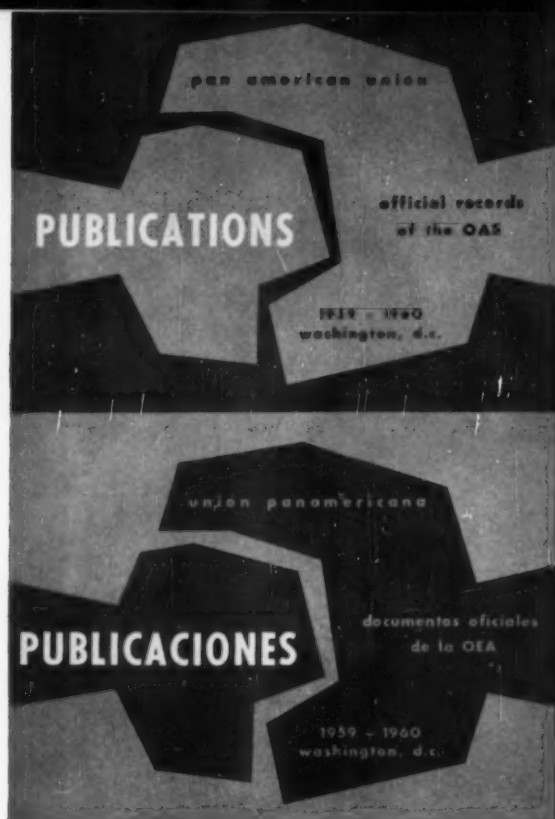
The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.

Opposite: Vitalino Pereira dos Santos of Pernambuco State, Brazil, with one of his collector's item ceramics (see page 29)





Free upon request

The Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, has just released its new 1959-1960 Catalogue of Publications.

The first part of the catalogue offers a wide variety of publications about the American Republics—travel, history, education, folklore, economics, art, and music, to mention only a few of the subjects. The second part lists official records of the OAS, such as multilateral treaties and agreements, history-making documents of the Inter-American Conference, and general publications about the Organization. A title and country index makes specific materials easy to find.

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